Vol CXXX. No 1694.

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THE BYSTANDER JUNE 3, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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The Bystander, June 3, 1936

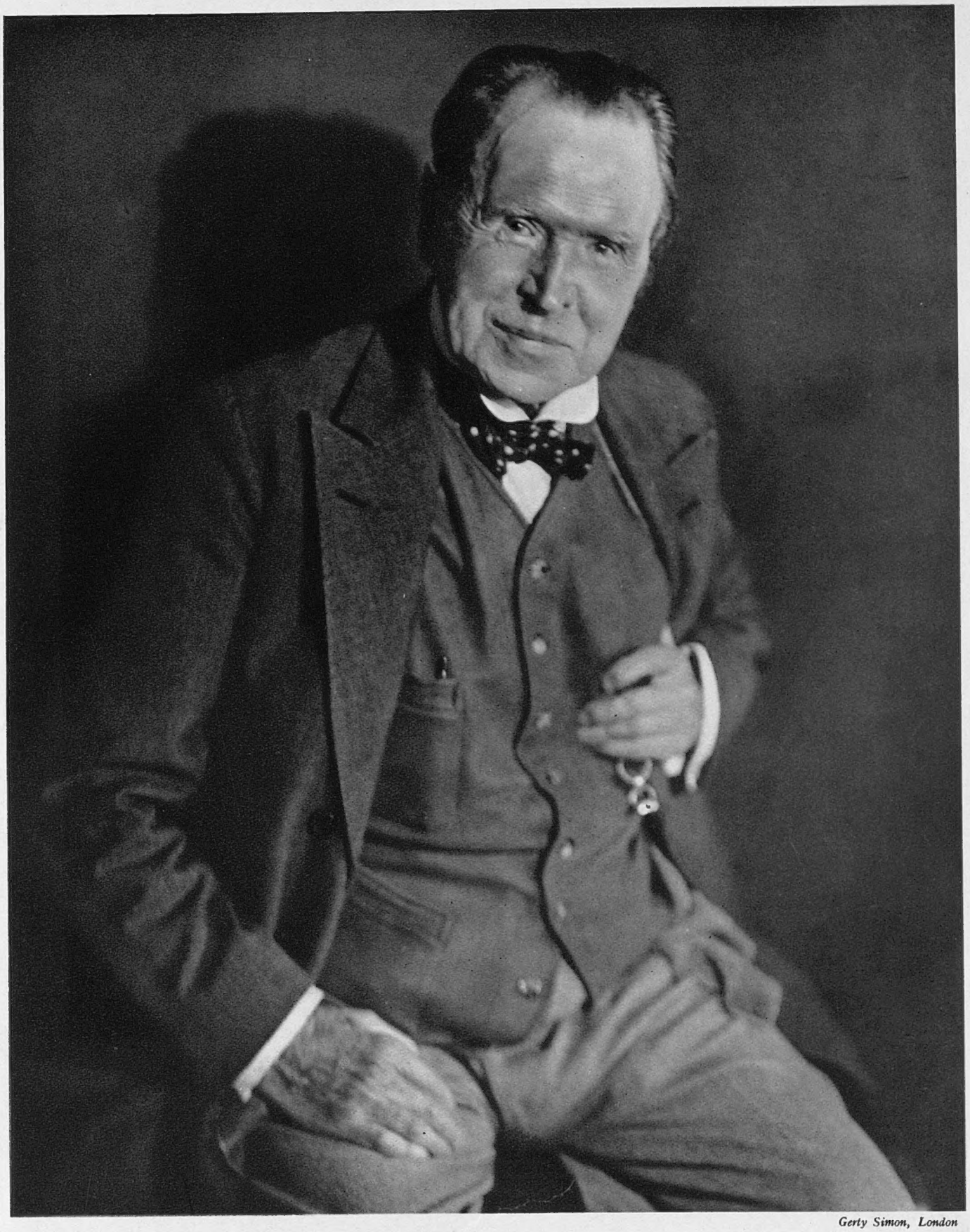
The BYSTANDER

No. 1694. Vol. CXXX.

Cannons of Hollywood

The Countess of Warwick — Hollywood Visitor

Lady Warwick sailed for America on the Bremen ten days ago, and was to make the rest of her journey—from New York to Hollywood—by air. Lord Warwick has been out there about a month laying the foundation of a possibly serious film career, and the rumour went that a contract for £10,000 a year was in the balance. Lady Warwick went out to see her husband but not to stay out there; she is probably going on to Honolulu with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and then coming back to England and her son, the small Lord Brooke, who was two years old on May 15th



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Sir John Lavery—Another Hollywood Visitor

Sir John Lavery came back from Hollywood some time ago, but he spent a month or two there this spring painting some of the stars at work, with Alison Skipworth as one of his escorts around the studios. Shirley Temple sat for him and maybe that portrait will be one of his Academy pictures next year. This year he has five exhibits at Burlington House, four of them portraits, including one of Grey Owl, the Canadian ex-trapper-naturalist-author. Sir John Lavery has been an R.A. since 1921, President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters since 1932, and holds an important place in the international art world of academies and institutes. His pictures hang in public galleries all over Europe and America. He is an Hon. LL.D. and a Hon. Freeman of Belfast, where he was born, eighty years ago. He lives in Cromwell Place

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE last has not been heard—by a very long chalk, as Gertie Millar used to sing in the old *Bric-à-Brac* days—of the week-end party at Lord Winterton's house at Shillinglee Park. The significant figure at the party was Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill's position is a very curious and very interesting one. There are many things to be said against him; there are errors of judgment, and changes of political faith, and contradictions and inconsistencies to be used in evidence. But no one can deny, not even the most virulent of his opponents, that he is a superb administrator in time of crisis. We are now in the thick of a first-class crisis; armaments are growing all round us at an appalling speed; dictators are burning to extinguish the last of the democracies; it is admitted that our defence-system needs overhauling; and yet, in spite of the crisis, in spite of the dictators, in spite of the state of our defences, no use is made of the supreme administrator. Mr. Churchill kicks his heels round Epping, while the co-ordination of our Defence Forces is entrusted to a very charming and very amiable solicitor, who says, quite frankly, that he does not know why he was given the job, and that he does not quite understand what it is all about. If ever there was a man perfectly suited for a complex and vitally important job, that man is Mr. Churchill for the Co-ordination of National Defence.

"FRANCE cannot live without Jibouti" was a popular slogan in Paris during the Peace Conference, when Mr. Lloyd George tentatively suggested that French Somaliland might be given to Italy as a sop for not getting Fiume. It might have been better if the Paris politicians had been clever enough to see more than two centimetres in front of their noses last autumn, and had revived that slogan when Signor Mussolini started to do his stuff in Abyssinia. But the Paris politician is probably the cleverest fool in the world. He is so clever that he understands nothing. After shrugging his shoulders elegantly for months, and saying that Abyssinia is the sole pigeon of John Bull, who, the eternal shop-keeper, is only concerned with the Indian route and Sudanese cotton, the Parisian has suddenly found that the commercial position of Jibouti is in vastly greater danger than the route or the cotton. Panic has set in, but it is eight months too late. The vital link between France and Indo-China, and between France and Madagascar, is in dire jeopardy. And when French commercial interests are in jeopardy, who so shop-keeperish as they?

CONDITIONS in Palestine are really becoming very alarming. As a general rule, whenever the British public hears of disturbances in any part of the Empire, it waits serenely until it reads in the newspapers that the 1st Battalion of the Loamshire Fusiliers has been drafted to the scene of the trouble, and then it goes to sleep again. But lawlessness which steadily increases in intensity for six or seven weeks is a phenomenon to which we are not accustomed, except on the North-West Frontier of India. And when the news arrives that the Police Cricket Pavilion has been burned to the ground in Nazareth, we begin to realise that things are far from right. Fun is fun, but when it comes to burning cricket pavilions, the legitimate boundaries of amusement have been definitely exceeded.

The B.B.C. Butler

Sir John Reith played Bates the butler (with a Glasgow accent), and Lionel Marson played his employer, Amos Purdie, J.P., in the B.B.C. Amateur Dramatic Society's production of "The Sport of Kings," at the Fortune Theatre last week. The austere Director-General really likes acting, and he certainly had an appreciative audience, mostly of the B.B.C. staff and their friends

CONSIDERING the fundamental belief which is implanted in every American breast that the American people is the most peace-loving, quiet, gentle, anti-pugnacious people in the world, it is astonishing to what appallingly ferocious lengths of violence Americans are capable of going. Lynching, the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, organised strike-breaking by private armies are all typically American products. A new one is the Michigan "Black Legion," which appears to differ from the Ku Klux Klan only in the colour of its hooded uniform. The murderings seem to be on the old traditional lines.

IT is sad to think that one of the greatest of all yachts—the King's racing Britannia—will probably end her career this year, and will be sunk in the English Channel. For forty years Britannia has sailed against the toughest competition, and won innumerable races. Built on the Clyde by Scottish craftsmen, to the designs of a Scottish yacht-architect, she was the most beautiful of ships, and easily the best-beloved. It is surely a pity that she cannot be preserved as a national monument. Is there not a place for her in Falmouth harbour beside the Cutty Sark, or in Portsmouth beside the Victory?

A VILLAGE in Japan has been christened Macclesfield, in order that its silk-products can be labelled "Macclesfield silk," without endangering the eternal souls of the labellers. It is an

interesting and ingenious idea, which might well be extended. Thus Woolloomoolloo Creek, or wherever it is that Australian burgundy is made, might be renamed Clos de Vougeot, or Châteauneuf-du-Pape. The tobacco-districts of Virginia might become Havana, California might become Champagne, and the Harrow Road the Rue de la Paix. The only change which I do not think could be carried off, would be the relabelling of certain southern packs of fox-dogs as the Quorn or the Belvoir. Those hunting districts in which platoons of foxes pull down any stray hound which they can isolate from the pack, had better remain as they are. But wild hunters will not drag their names out of me.

THE cricket season is showing the queerest of vagaries. The weather in May has been unusually dry, and wickets have been hard, and, presumably, true. Groundsmen have not given up, at any rate so far as I have heard, their pernicious trick of pandering to the batsmen by using quantities of marl. Yet the scoring has been phenomenally low. Bowlers have been having a grand time. But the sad thing is that the bowlers, who are skittling out the crack county batting sides are not the new bowlers for whom England is searching. Verity, who outed Kent for 39, has had only one real success against Master Bradman and his boy-friends, and George Geary was playing in Test cricket ten years ago.

THERE was such an array of journalistic talent on board the Queen Mary—editors, star correspondents, London-letter writers, assistant-editors, and Mr. Hannen Swaffer—that one silent, awe-inspiring, unspoken thought permeated Fleet Street during the voyage: "If anything happens to her, think of the vacancies!"

THE centenary of the Reform Club recalls a tale which used to be told about that famous institution. A very exclusive Service Club was having its annual cleaning, and its members, elegantly moustached and exquisitely dressed, were guests at the Reform. After luncheon one day, an especially distinguished colonel called for a glass of port. He sipped it, and a look of incredulous astonishment crept across his face. He sipped again, and the astonishment deepened into a positively flabbergasted amazement. At last he spoke, to an especially distinguished major, and said: "I say, Bob, these middle-class fellows know their wine!"

WHEN the inside story of the voyage of the Grimsby motor-trawler Girl Pat comes to be written—if it ever is written—it ought to make remarkable reading. The opening of the tale reads like a mystery novel of Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts. The fishing-boat left Grimsby at the end of March, and turned up unexpectedly at Dover on April 3rd. At Dover she collected a new engineer, and departed. The first thing which the old engineer knew about it was when he came down to the quay from a shore-expedition and found that the Girl Pat had sailed without him. For nine days no more was heard, until on April 12th she put in at Corcubion, a Spanish port, and refuelled. Slipping out of Corcubion before she could be intercepted, the trawler vanished once more into the wastes of the Atlantic, and was not heard of again for more than a month, when she arrived at Dakar, West Africa, only to disappear again. It is a story that opens up infinite possibilities of excitement and romance.

LONDON FILM PRODUCTIONS, Mr. Alexander Korda's new company, is getting on very fast with the building of its mammoth studios and laboratory at Denham. I was out there a few days ago, and was greatly impressed by the enormous scale on which everything is being done. And Mr. Korda is not letting the grass grow under his feet. While the workmen are hammering and banging, the brains are also ticking over. Work has begun on a film about the life of Rembrandt, and Mr. Walter Forde is to direct another on the subject of life on a British troopship.

AND I suppose I ought to say something about the Derby. I did not go. Was it much the same as usual? Were the crowds "bigger than ever," and were the gypsies more picturesque, and was Lord Lonsdale's cigar longer, and the Aga Khan's smile even gayer? I expect so. I once went to a race-meeting, and once only, and even that ought not really to count. For I went to a race that is called, I believe, the City and Suburban, and I made a mistake about the date, and arrived on the day after the race had been run, and there was nothing on Epsom Downs except pieces of paper, and skylarks, and the scent of clover. So I am not really an expert on the affairs of the Turf.

It Was the Aga Khan's Derby

The Aga Khan led in his third Derby winner last Wednesday, Mahmoud, with C. Smirke riding, having streaked home like grey lightning in the record time of 2 minutes, 33 4-5 sec., followed, three lengths behind, by Taj Akbar, another of his horses. Mr. Frank Butters, his trainer, is on the right of the photograph, and walking behind is Prince Aly Khan

Mrs. Geoffrey Bishop and Miss Diana Brassey sat in the paddock in summery dresses in spite of the coldish wind

Left: Miss Angela Deane might have been reading the next-race numbers to Lord Sligo while he marked his card

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood (Ruth Primrose till a week or two back) walked round with Lady Rosebery, her aunt by marriage

On the Downs

Tuesday Race-Goers at the Epsom Summer Meeting

Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, Miss Patricia Harrison, Mr. Francis Williams, the Hon. Nefertari Bethell and Mr. Derek Wigan made up this youthful group of Epsom enthusiasts on the first day of the meeting

Lady Morvyth Benson, Lord Dudley's sister, was another of the women wearing summery dresses; she is with Mr. Victor Grenfell

Committee for Grace Moore and Charity

Lady Ravensdale, Lady Cambridge, Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, Mrs. J. V. Rank, and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid were some of the committee members who met for work and tea at Lady Cholmondeley's house in Kensington Palace Gardens. They are organising the Dinner-Dance-Concert on June 8th at Grosvenor House at which Grace Moore is to sing, in aid of St. George's Hospital Rebuilding Fund

Lord Decies and Mrs. Symes Lehr

Lord Decies and Mrs. Symes Lehr were married in Paris last week—civilly at the Mairie of the VIIth Arrondissement and religiously at Mrs. Lehr's house in the Rue des Saints Pères. Mrs. Lehr is American. Lord Decies' first wife, who died in 1931, was Helen Jay Gould. His son and his two daughters, Mrs. Robert O'Brien and Mrs. Patrick Bellew, were all at his wedding

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

A Chaps' Party

No one who has not actually been there can understand the intense excitement of a club golf competition.

The members of White's had their annual week-end battle at Sandwich on the twenty-third, and were lucky to have bright, sunny weather, with a brisk nip in the air to spur the players on to bigger and better things. It is essentially a chaps' party, and many wives and sisters leave their belongings alone to get on with it. The selling sweep of members' chances and the consequent betting among the members adds enormously to the excitement, and as one after another of the expensively fancied competitors is knocked out, the thrill increases.

Count Paul Munster's ultimate victory over Mr. Le Fleming was a popular win, as he had been heavily backed.

Golfing Gaieties

Countess Paul Munster was down there with Lady Jersey, both in attractive suède suits in different shades of red. They dashed gallantly across the course when there was a rumour that the Count had mislaid a ball. Lady Portarlington was dining at the Granville at Ramsgate one night, with Mrs. Vivien Cornelius, their respective husbands, and a large party of unattached men.

Mrs. Dick Sutton motored down for lunch on Sunday, just in time to see her husband knocked out, and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills was staying over at Ramsgate with the very attractive Mrs. Mundz, an American who has taken Great Tangley Manor, near Guildford, for the summer months, and whose husband and children arrive from New York in a week's time.

Captain Burroughs and his wife gave a cocktail-party at the Guildford on Saturday, where we found Lord and Lady North, Miss Rosemary Cohen, Captain Cecil Pim, and those inseparables, Captain Tim Freeland and Mr. Nigel Ferguson.

Unlike Most Charity Functions

The Derby Ball in aid of the Great Northern Hospital was held at Grosvenor House last Monday night.

Mrs. Marshall Field, who succeeded Lady Milbanke as chairman this year, managed in the same miraculous way to make it into a really gay party, instead of the dreary function so many charity functions are.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Noel Coward, who did the star turn of the evening, were at Mrs. Marshall Field's table; also Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, and the "ex-chairman," looking lovely in a green-and-red imprimé dress, white flowers worn Geisha-wise in her hair.

The Same Nickname

It would be easier to tell you who was *not* there among the smart world, than who was.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, one of the few women who always wear gloves at night, danced with Major Kellett. The Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton were in a large party, which included Lord and Lady Edward Hay. Sir Adrian and Lady Baillie entertained a typical Leeds Castle party: Miss Mona Maris, Captain Margesson, Mr. Milbanke and Mr. Waddington—who answer to the same nickname ("Toby")—and a new and lovely debutante, Lady Patricia Douglas, Lord Queensberry's daughter by his first marriage to the present Lady James Dunn.

Miss Vivien Leigh and Mr. Michael Crichton waltzed better than any other couple in the room, and the party seemed likely to continue long after the National Anthem was sung at two-thirty.

The Worst Poet-Laureate

Some of our happiest moments last week-end were spent reading Lord Berners' new book, *The Camel*. The thought of the vicar's wife visiting her parishioners perched on the lumpy back of the hero (or heroine) of the book, amused us more than a little.

One of the treats accorded to visitors staying at Faringdon, the author's house in Berkshire, is to climb up to the top of his Folly Tower, where, on a clear day, you get a view of eight counties, and are higher than a group of very tall trees, higher even than the birds.

The visitors' book at Faringdon is another treat, guests being asked to inscribe their profession in addition to the usual name and address; an invitation not treated very seriously, we noticed.

A Surprise Encounter

So many married film stars have been described as "the happiest couple in Hollywood," and in most cases it has

Lord Elmley and His Fiancée

Fru. Dorronville de la Cour was being shown round the lighthouse at Winterton, Great Yarmouth, which Lord Elmley has turned into a most attractive living-house, with a vast view of sea and sand-dunes. They are being married in London on the 16th

Swaebe

At the Epsom Races Ball

The Duke of Marlborough, Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald and Mme. Jacques Balsan were photographed at the Epsom Races Ball in aid of the Cripples' Training College. Mme. Balsan is the Duke of Marlborough's mother; as Consuelo Vanderbilt she married the late Duke in 1895, divorced him in 1920, and then married Lt.-Col. Jacques Balsan

proved such a nonsense description, that we hesitate to attach it to such an obviously devoted couple as Richard and Jobyna Arlen. They are the nicest people in the world, and are having more social success in London than they have time for.

The film on which he is engaged has been held up owing to the illness of the producer, and we were delighted to hear that this meant their being here for another three or four weeks. When we saw them at the " Four Hundred " the other night, they were in the midst of a surprise encounter with Richard Barthelmess and " Young Doug ", who seems quite recovered from his illness.

Another Engaged Couple

The Hon. Primrose Yarde Buller and Lord Cadogan, who have been engaged for a month or two, were dancing together at the Café de Paris

Disillusion

THERE can never have been a more enormous mid-week exodus than last Wednesday's, what with the Derby crowds and all the people who went by air, train and car to see the Queen Mary sail. And of course, it would happen that the Whitsun going-to-press arrangements ruined both events from our point of view.

Mr. Loel Guinness was one of the people who flew himself and some of his friends down to see the big race start from Southampton (if race it was, for we did hear that the Queen Mary might not go " all out " for a month or two yet).

As for the Derby, we have lost all faith in our pin (which picked Carioca), the Chinese system (which we don't understand), Gordon Richards, and the theory that greys don't stay. Next year we intend to back all the Aga Khan's horses, however many he runs, and if he doesn't complete his cycle and take all three places, we shan't take any more interest in the thing.

The Whitbread—Trefusis Wedding

Mr. Simon Whitbread, 60th Rifles, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Whitbread, of Southill, Biggleswade, Beds., and Miss Helen Trefusis, the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Trefusis' only child, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge last week

Four Things To Do

EVERYONE we met said they were going to Le Touquet at Whitsuntide, so it seems that there will be lots to tell you about that when next we struggle with this page.

Early last week the Picardy Hotel was sold out of bedrooms, and could only offer us suites that include a sitting-room. One thing we determined to ask Mr. Wibbels is why some of those grim apartments are not turned into extra bedrooms? Lots of people have no objection to sharing a bathroom with a friend, and a sitting-room apiece in a place like Le Touquet seems more than superfluous.

There are only four places to be in in that town: A, in bed; B, in the Casino; C, on the links; D, squandering last night's winnings in that fascinating village street!

MISS PEEPS

In our issue of May 20 (p. 315) we stated that Mrs. McPherson married Mr. Gerald Ley (of Lazonby Hall, Cumberland). This is incorrect; Mrs. Ley was Mrs. Rosemary Cotter before her second marriage, and her maiden name was Rosemary Macpherson. We apologise for the mistake.

Swaebe

Chairman and Cabaret

Mrs. Marshall Field, chairman of the Ball this year, watched Noel Coward at the microphone; he and Gertrude Lawrence performed in the cabaret

Swaebe

Count and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow took a big party to Grosvenor House, where the Ball was held on Monday last week

Left: Mr. Jack Profumo is talking to Miss Diana Bethell and Miss Armida Macindoe, who helped on the Junior Committee

The Derby Ball

The Season's Best Charity Dance

Right: Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha is dancing with Lady Ursula Manners

Swaebe

Lady Elizabeth Hare (who is engaged to Lord Elveden) is dancing with Lord Long. They were in a big party with the O'Neills and Antony Actons

Lady Jane FitzRoy and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pilkington were in another biggish party. The Ball was in aid of the Rosemary Ednam Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital, and is an annual event in Derby week

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 23

Sir Giles Scott

It is naturally not just because Sir Giles Scott beat me eight and seven at Walton Heath the other day that I have selected him as my celebrity of the week. All the same, the defeat rather opened my eyes to the sporting side of the sprightly, cheerful, fifty-seven-year-old architect of Liverpool Cathedral. I had always been led to believe that architects were singularly stodgy people. Well, Sir Giles is nothing of the sort, and enjoys a good gamble, particularly at poker, as much as anyone, although he looks distinctly like a Cardinal, with his pink cheeks and large spectacles.

It was at the age of twenty-one that he learnt from the local Liverpool newspaper that his plans had won the world-wide competition for the best design of the second cathedral to be erected in this country since St. Paul's. The joke was that the architect to whom he was articled had also entered for the competition, giving leave to Master Scott to compete only because it would be "good practice" for him. Practice was the perfect word. To-day Sir Giles has the most variegated practice of any architect in the country. It was he who designed the magnificent Battersea Power Station. The new Guinness Brewery off the Great West Road is another of his creations. So is Cambridge University's new library.

Of private houses he has designed only three, though there is a big block of flats in Maida Vale to his credit. With theatres and cinemas he will have nothing to do. He finds them too technical to be interesting. What he really likes is something spacious which gives his imagination full play.

Educated at Beaumont College, he is a Roman Catholic, and was commissioned to design the new nave at Downside Abbey, the new church at Ampleforth Abbey, and the Church of Our Lady at Northfleet, among other religious edifices. But training colleges, memorial buildings, factories and breweries all testify to his versatility. Chester House, Clarendon Place, where he lives himself, was designed by him.

He married in 1914, has two sons, to whom he is devoted, belongs to the Athenæum Club, drives his big Rolls himself, hits the ball a long way though there is always the danger of a hook, and has a fine appetite.

His favourite phrases in business hours are "We must get that tidied up" and "We cannot have one line crashing into another." Every afternoon he takes a half-hour's nap immediately after luncheon. As an architect he is remarkable for his immense application to detail. Most members of his profession are inclined, when they have reached the top of the tree, to leave minor items entirely to subordinates. Not so Sir Giles, who never becomes ruffled and who travels so frequently to Liverpool to see how his cathedral is getting along that he must know the journey better than most engine-drivers.

Charles Graves

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Jewel From Russia

"The Seagull" (New Theatre)

It is quite easy to visualise a totally different production of this exquisite play by Tchehov; Komisarjevsky has handled it with infinite delicacy and restraint, giving a perfectly entrancing picture of life on Sorin's country estate, but it is conceivable that it could be presented in a stark and elemental way that would perhaps be more essentially Russian and terrible in its poignancy, a production, no doubt, that would be less successful than the one that is now drawing all London to the New Theatre, as there are limits to the extent to which people care to be harrowed.

It is a play full of magnificent acting opportunities, though the story itself is of secondary interest to the characterisation; briefly, a young and sensitive man falls deeply in love with a charming, inexperienced young girl, who reciprocates his tender feelings until she is attracted and flattered by the attentions of a much older man (who has been for many years the lover of the boy's mother)—an infatuation that leads to her ruin and misery.

Nothing could be more unselfish than the way John Gielgud plays the part of Trigorin: he is, if anything, too dim and lacking a little of the sex appeal that might be expected in the acknowledged lover of Irina Arcadina, a celebrated actress, full of the temperamental vagaries of her kind. The performance of Edith Evans in this part is remarkably fine and devoid of any trimmings not intended by the dramatist; she is shallow, selfish, and utterly without any real love for her only child, Constantin, as can be seen by the way she wounds his feelings and his pride when his play is being acted on a little open-air stage. With her, emotion takes the place of love. She is a glittering figure of a woman, past her zenith, clinging to a lover who has become a comfortable habit not to be lightly surrendered.

As Nina, the young girl, Peggy Ashcroft shows not only a wonderful technique in her art, but also a deep sincerity. She speaks the lines of Constantin's play with a charming simplicity, and in the last act, when she repeats them with his arms about her, she touches the very heart of her audience. This also provides a memorable moment in Stephen Haggard's admirable performance as the unhappy Constantin. He holds the girl in his arms, with averted face, and without words conveys the certain knowledge of his intense suffering.

Martita Hunt provides a macabre joy as a mournful young woman all too ready to bestow her affections, who, not having had the success she yearns for, announces that her black clothes denote that she is in mourning for her life.

A harmonious effect is the result of Komisarjevsky's direction of the entire production, including dresses and scenery, the latter being particularly attractive in the outdoor scene by the lake that attracts the lonely seagull. There is a beautiful moment when Arcadina and her friends listen to the music coming across the water and reflect in silence on other and happier days.

The dilettante Trigorin is the answer to a Russian maiden's prayer: John Gielgud

Tchehov plays off the experienced actress Irina (Edith Evans) against the maiden Nina (Peggy Ashcroft)

Sketches by Rouson

Home is the hunter, complete with Seagull: Constantin (Stephen Haggard)

Rising and Shining—Binnie Hale and Jack Whiting

Binnie Hale and Jack Whiting are the heroine and hero of the Drury Lane musical *Rise and Shine*, in which they share the honours not only with Irene Browne and Syd Walker, but also with a real helicopter and an almost real railway train. The show is in the Drury Lane "regardless" tradition—magnificent set follows magnificent set, and the chorus changes every moment into more glamorous costumes as the scene shifts from England into Moronia—a country which must be a near neighbour of Ruritania. Jack Harding (Jack Whiting) and Anne (Binnie Hale) dress as Moronians dress when they land in the Schloss which Syd "Moronian Travel Agency" Walker has let to them, and there they are all set for one of Robert Stoly's tuneful songs. Jack Whiting is American, a comedian with wit, personality and a pleasant voice; he made his English debut in *Anything Goes*

London Decorations

On Warm Days And Cool Days

Lady Long of Wraxall

Lady Long was dressed for morning shopping in a neat little suit with a white-edged coat and white ruffed blouse. She was Laura Charteris and is Lady O'Neill's sister

Miss Joyce Kidston

Miss Kidston, who is the daughter of Mrs. George Kidston, of Hazelbury Manor, Box, Wilts., is engaged to Alan Phipps, second son of Sir Eric Phipps, the Ambassador in Berlin

Miss Barbara Vincent-Jones

Was back in furs to match the last cold snap. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Jones, who have places in Newfoundland and Sussex, and a niece of the late Sir Alan Bagot

Lady Weymouth

Was shopping in Brompton Road when she was photographed. Her fox fur cape (enviable is the word) came out to match last week's bit of winter

Lady Veronica Hornby

Her dark dress and hat with its white extras was worn for watching polo in the sun

The Christian Sisters

Miss Mary and Miss Anne Christian are ex-debutante and debutante nieces of Lord Monsell. The dog's name is Williams

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE fact that Southend is probably going to have a £250,000 yacht harbour, sponsored by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, shows the remarkable strides made by this seaside (in a manner of speaking) resort since our old tutor and guide James (" Boss ") Agate first discovered it, some five years ago. His statue, which ill-informed guides point out as that of Queen Victoria, though the two personalities are entirely dissimilar, now dominates the foreshore, at the spot where the Boss, just down from Town, first swept the multitudinous wine-dark sea with an eagle glance, believing it to be the Caribbean. From a group of wretched, fever-stricken mud-huts above the high tidal mark the Mayor approached, a barbaric, fat, obsequious figure, striking his brow and embracing the horizon with excited gestures and the reiterated words: " M'bombu ! M'bombu ! " meaning " Doubtless the Great Spirit has led Big White Brother to this spot ? Well, he can have it." After a feast of boiled dog, followed by a corn-dance, the Boss, formally taking over Southend and ordering a few hotels and things to be run up, left on the 9.48 for Fenchurch Street.

Within a week the news of his discovery had startled Fleet Street and the world, and Southend was on the map. The place has developed amazingly. Where slavery, ague, savagery, and wretchedness existed in 1931 is now a smiling and prosperous town full of exquisite hotels, boarding-houses, and whelk-stalls. On the anniversary of the discovery all the virgins of Southend arrive in a taxicab and dance a saraband round the Agate statue. But these joyful exercises soon give place to a mournful little chaunt sung in chorus by the Mayor, alguazils, and notables. For five years they have begged Boss Agate to move the sea a bit nearer the Promenade, and he has made no reply, save to quote Racine. The chaunt begins " N'bubu m'pupu," and has a refrain, roughly: " We are very sad because the sea is still so far. Please, Big White Brother, hear us ! What the hell 's the matter with you, Mr. Agate ? "

Do you know the sole reason why the Boss smilingly spurns their request time after time ? He just doesn't want to spoil 'em.

Magic Steel

THE countless Galahads who bore a stainless sword between 1914 and 1918 cannot but be interested in the new simplified two-movement salute the Army 's got, replacing the brave old flourish in use since 1845, when whiskers and scarlet were the mode and swords weren't ornamental. The modern infantry sword (not to mince matters) has certain obvious disadvantages compared with the swords of old. It has no name, to begin with, which is pretty disappointing and ignominious. Every decent sword should bear and answer to a name, like Charlemagne's Joyeuse, and Roland's Durendal, and Oliver's Haulteclair, and Arthur's Excalibur, and the sword in the " Ring," whose name is Leberwurst, or something.

Again, it should certainly have a few relics in the pommel. Bidding that noble farewell to his sword, the dying Roland (as you remember) reminds it of the sacred relics encased in its pommel, a hair of Monseigneur Saint Denis among them. Probably the War Office wouldn't stand for this nowadays—imagine a correspondence over relics, swords, infantry, for the use of—but we do know a very fine soldier and sportsman whose sword is named Straightbat and has in its handle a shred of Jardine's old flannel trousers, very strong magic and big medicine.

The chief difficulty over naming swords is that so many warriors, then as now, lack imagination—*e.g.*, the famous Landgrave of Hoch-Gutzenfels, who insisted on calling his favourite swords Seaview, Dinty, Fred, Auntie, Rover, and Wilkinson. " What a stupid name ! " people would remark contemptuously as Fred clove their vitals on some stricken field. It certainly was a bit stupid, but not more stupid than most things we see knocking around, and we don't mean postmen.

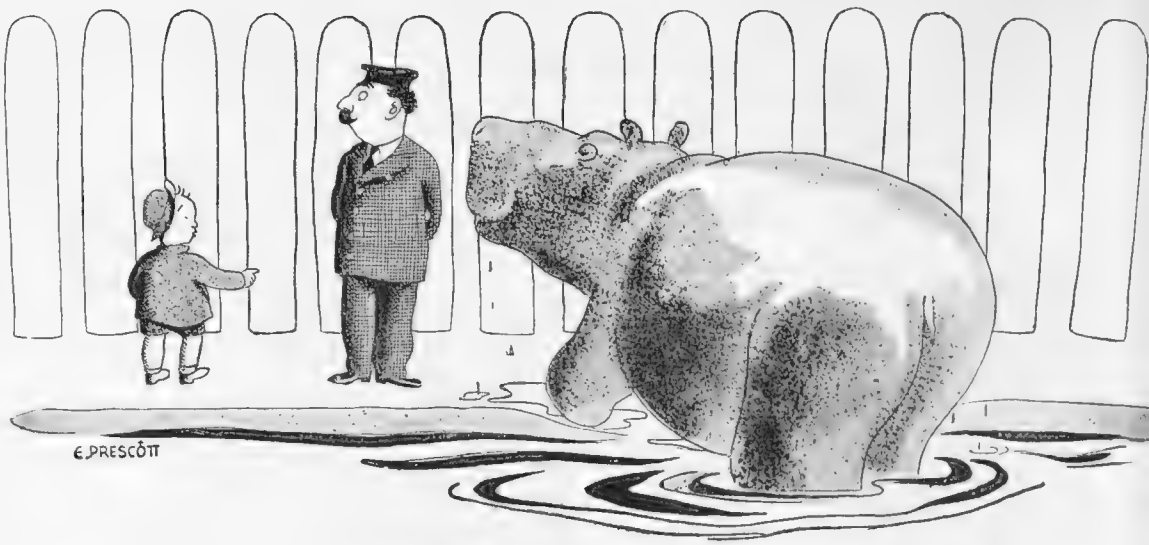
" Hi ! George says your house is on fire "
" George who ? "

Ya-Can't-Take-It Dept.

LORD HORDER told the New York Academy of Medicine the other day that " biological control " of human development is long overdue. Which in simple, vulgar language means that the kind of human beings who seem to Lord Horder unfit to live should be suppressed. Male and/or female created He them, *Hordere contradicente* ; and the obvious query must surely follow—are the eugenist boys so terribly hot themselves ? Are they themselves that higher type they postulate ? Are they almost unbearably lovely to look at, mighty of understanding, fleet of foot, supreme in council, the final flower of civilisation ? And since a lot of 'em admittedly resemble forked radishes, have they not, so to speak, one hell of a ruddy nerve to usurp Godhead as they do ?

History is the best anti-eugenic propaganda. So many of the real great throughout the centuries have been what eugenists would classify as " sub-human," mental and/or physical weaklings, ugly and futile, judged by eugenic standards, that the highty-tighty eugenic attitude towards humanity seems slightly comic. A little decent humility would do those boys good (the speaker added,

removing his boots and hurling them with jovial oaths at several well-connected persons in the front row); also the realisation that if you 're looking for real hoggish cretinism, you 're apt to find it most often among the professors. (End.)



"Who dries it?"

Ex Can

At least four British breweries we 're told, are now following American innovation and packing beer in metal cans. Over and above the obvious commercial advantages of canning beer, involving questions of hygiene and packing and transport, there is no doubt—we 've experimented with the American kind—that (a) canned beer loses nothing in flavour and condition by being thus treated, and (b) it actually gains, since light can't get at it, as it does at bottled beer. It 's merely sentiment which clings unreasoning to the bottle. But—if anyone is attending—they 'll undoubtedly have to stop at beer. The revolting hoggishness of the mind to which it would occur, even in jest, that wine could be treated similarly is hardly a decent topic. Those who would imprison a fine silky Richebourg or Corton in a tin can would be capable of guzzling it out of china or pewter; a criminal act and a hideous sin against the Sacred Vine, whose gifts are triple and simultaneous, blessing equally eye, nose, and palate. Only glass can properly enshrine such gifts, and only the finest crystal (engraved or clear, or even decorated with bobbles) is worthy of receiving the noble creature which a very good modern poet has called, in a line like a grave salute with the sword: "Strong Brother in God and last Companion: Wine."

"It 's not the real *me, though, is it?"*

Hist! We Are Observed!

We 'd have liked to ramble on a little with a mellow little, whimsy little, scholarly little fantasia in the sixpenny-coloured style, but the Wine and Food Society harshly forbid us to infringe their copyright. It 's an old quarrel—it began about two years ago when we suggested they were ill-advised to teach their adepts to suck up Romanée-Conti through straws. To this just criticism they replied with threats, and several maddened ladies, members of the W.F.S., called and struck at us with egg-whisks. They next tried diplomacy, H. Warner Allen calling with a succession of well-turned compliments and allusions of great charm and adroitness and saying but surely, surely, the Wine and Food know best? As he spoke a wholesale hay and straw merchant's widow with three little children hastened in and threw herself on her knees, sobbing. We naturally gave in, but we still feel we were won over by what seem rather facile methods, unworthy of a Society to which all England looks for leadership and guidance.

Red in Quod

Ernst Toller, that rather angry Communist, seems to be almost always in prison, poor devil. About ten years ago, as we remember—and how we remember!—we sat through a play of his called *Masses and Men*, in which Dame Sybil Thorndike was viewed crouching dumbly in a cage. A very long and solemn performance by serious actors on a Sunday night it was, and the excuse—such as it was—was that Herr Toller had written it in prison. Now, we perceive, he 's published a new book called *Letters from Prison*, of which Mr. Shanks the critic says: "It may have seemed to him that his sufferings were in vain. But they did produce this always revealing and sometimes beautiful book." (This theory was first put forward, incidentally, by Noel Coward. One of the characters in *Hay Fever* remarks: "They say suffering 's good for writers—it strengthens their psychology.") But more prison seems to have made Herr Toller only more angry, and if he wrote

another play containing a lady in a cage he 'd probably have her spitting in somebody's eye this time. Dealt with in free verse, in the impressive Toller manner, this incident should be pretty significant, one of the hairier characters rushing into the secret revolutionary assembly and announcing somewhat as follows :

Brothers ! As I passed
A lady in a cage spat in my eye ;
Was it a signal for the workers to man the barricades
Or just a bit of lousy temper ?
Anyway, up the Third International !

However, even *Punch's* reviewer (" to read these letters," she says, " is to dwell with the revolutionary spirit at its finest ") was affected by Herr Toller's sufferings for Bolshevism, which are undoubtedly severe, though not more so than the sufferings at the moment of a great many Mexican Christians. Gosh ! We must be haywire to drag up something as unimportant as that. Don't tell *Punch* on us.

Contretemps

An advertiser in the *Times* Personal Column has offered for sale " a Privy Councillor's uniform, in excellent condition . . . present owner of medium build, 5 ft. 10 in. or thereabouts," and if there isn't a Big Human Story behind this we 'll devour the cocked hat portion, feathers and all. The story we 've heard so far, and rather doubtfully, is that the uniform belonged to a Privy Councillor who recently interrupted the gravest deliberations of that high body by lowing like a calf. They asked him what was wrong and he said : " It makes me feel so awful," and they said, " What does ? " and he said, " Everything." After a pause the lowing started again, louder and more melancholy than ever, like a tramp steamer in a fog. " What 's the fellow's name ? " asked the presiding Minister irritably, and the Privy Councillor said weakly, " Jim Bludso of the Mounties—as white a man as ever flung boot across saddle. My old dad," he added, quaveringly, rising in his seat, " was a J.P. too, by God, and if there is a man present cur enough to besmirch the fair name of Elsie Gathercole, Confectionery Queen of Winnipeg, let him step out and settle it, man to man ! "

The Dominions Reciprocity Act of 1889 forbidding any British subject to answer back a Canadian, there was an embarrassing silence, during which the miserable P.C. stumbled out, wrestling with his grief and casting his cocked hat and pearl-handled sword on the table. His gold-braided pants followed by registered post, and the Personal Column supplies the dénouement—or so somebody told us at the Dorchester the other night.

De Senectute

Mr. John J. Costello, of Walnut Hills, Ohio, sets a new " high " in centenarianism Asked by reporters on his recent 101st birthday to what he attributed his longevity, he said he hadn't the faintest idea ; a reply which is, in its way, rather splendid and lapidary. Your average Anglo-Saxon centenarian, too hastily assuming extreme old age to be the reward of that kind of virtue based on the more uncivilised manifestations of puritanism, generally gets above himself and presumes to dictate laws and sanctions, like a silly old film star, chattering and whistling and posing and betraying that dignity and silence which alone become great age. Old Mr. Costello has raised the rather low standard of centenarianism considerably, and it needed it. A roll polluted by such names as that of (*e.g.*) Old Parr, who got into a pretty scandal with a very young lady at the age of about 125, " Old Q," the wickedest peer in British history, the Old Man of the Mountains, who ruled by haschish and violence in Persia, and the Old Man of the Sea, whose sadism makes even small boys shudder—these take some explaining away. (So does G. Bernard Shaw.)

Perhaps the vainglorious exhibitionism of centenarians in this country is our own fault. Alone among civilised nations, we treat the act of going on living as if it were some rare patriotic feat deserving a nation's love.

Tail Piece

Getting into conversation at a party the other evening with one of the Bloomsbury Bolshevik Intelligentsia, a very cultured, charming person, but furious, we took great pains (for once) to find out exactly what his grievance against Society was. His motto as regards the bourgeoisie—you and me—was that of Commissar Gorotchenko in *Tovarich* : " To punish these, four walls are three too many." He was, briefly, all for machine-guns.

From a spate of words, locutions, and parts of speech involving Capitalism and Sadism and Atheism and Marxism and Heaven knows what, one basic fact presently emerged, coy but concrete, like an old boot thrown up by the foaming tide. It appeared that he was in a permanent state of terrible anger because he wasn't getting any money from anybody for doing no work.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Do you think this can be the place Emily meant ? "

Films of the Day: By George Campbell

A Movie Mogul Looks Back

Ladies and gentlemen, meet Joseph M. Schenck. Mr. Schenck (the "ch" is hard as in "schedule") is chairman of Twentieth Century-Fox, the huge American corporation which, incidentally, owns a large interest in Gaumont-British; he was once married to Norma Talmadge; and just lately he has been in London with Sidney Kent, another film mogul, looking over the English market and (so some say) negotiating again with Gaumont-British.

A big figure, Joe Schenck, and a picturesque one. He began in a Russian ghetto, landed in New York without one word of English, or a penny in his pocket, and has long since made himself a king of the movies and a multi-millionaire. How?

Well, he began by gravitating to the Bowery; and at the age of fifteen, when most of the boys in the neighbourhood spent their time listening to John L. Sullivan, or indulging in the favourite Bowery sport of bouncing bricks off Chinamen's heads, he got himself a job in a drug-store.

The pay wasn't quite what he's getting now, but then his overhead was less. He slept above the shop, free. He breakfasted, lunched, and dined, every day, at the corner of Grand Street and the Bowery, where they sold a glass of milk for five cents and threw in all the bread and cheese you could eat. His spare time he spent studying chemistry. For entertainment he had the run of the Bowery, which was like a three-ring circus without its peace and quiet. If you saw Schenck's picture *The Bowery*, in which Wallace Beery nonchalantly sand-bagged a too-persistent charmer into unconsciousness, and a waiter as nonchalantly hauled her off by one ankle, you got a tolerably accurate idea of the atmosphere. . . . Or, better still, listen to Joe Schenck himself. He can still do the Bowery accent:

"Dese guys was pretty tough, see?" Joe sighs reminiscently. "Dey 'd knock at de drug-store at midnight and wait for you to open up, and if you did, dat was just too bad for you. But I had a peephole, and I never opened de door till dey flashed de prescription, see?"

Pause for sociological reflection: Does this explain how Schenck has managed to keep on top in Hollywood?

"As for panhandlers—" Joe is toiking again and maybe I 'd better explain that a panhandler is what Professor Gilbert Murray would call a hobo or common bum—"dey uset to come in all day long and tell ya to give 'em a dime. Not ask. No, sirree. Tell ya. An' if youse didn't come across wit' de dime, you had to watch for trouble. Can ya believe it?"

I can. The only difference between the Bowery and Fleet Street is that if you think you can get rid of a Fleet Street panhandler with a dime you just don't know the bull-dog breed, that's all.

"I useta have a sawed-off baseball bat under de counter and in a year or two I pretty near wore it out," added the patron of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences with satisfaction.

There was no street in the world like the Bowery that Joe Schenck knew. The poorest tailor or gimcrack-store sported a huge arc-light; saloons and opium-dens and dives with feminine attractions, music-halls and shooting galleries ran wide open twenty-four hours a day; more than half the city's pawnshops and saloons were south of Fourteenth Street; and twenty-seven per cent. of all the arrests in New York took place here. That was the heyday of Carrie Nation, the temperance crusader; and the Bowery certainly gave her scope. Ask Joe Schenck to tell you about Chuck Connor's saloon, where, on December 18th, 1903, Chuck was giving his annual ball when Carrie charged in, snatching cigars and cigarettes from the customers' mouths as she passed (her dislikes were by no means confined to the Demon Rum), and sweeping bottles and glasses from the tables.

Climbing on to the musicians' dais, Carrie (who was over seventy) began to read a letter from a worried mother who thought her daughter didn't ought to frequent such places. At this point she was interrupted by a red-haired Bowery belle called Pickles, who threw a bad word and a bottle at her. The old lady made a snappy come-back. She drew her favourite hatchet from her bag and chased Pickles around the hall. We are told—and I believe it—that women screamed, strong men howled like dogs, and dived for safety under tables, rival gangs started to fight on general principles, the saloon was completely wrecked, and a pleasant time was had by one and all.

One of the other notorious dives in Schenck's time was McGurk's, known, not without cause, as Suicide Hall. McGurk was an Irishman, and his drinks were one-half methylated spirits and the other half knock-out drops. Sailors went in prosperous and came out in a second-hand singlet, horizontal.

Nearby was the Velvet Dive—so called because when you drank the stuff distilled on the premises there were cushions everywhere to break your fall, and that 's what I call service.

At the Chatham Club, which sounds pretty classy, and was, you could find Chick Trigger, Jack Sirocco (an ill wind that blew nobody any good), and Kid Twist, all gang-leaders; Louie the Lump, who bumped off Twist at Coney Island; and Big Jack Zelig, "prince of gunmen," who supplied Police-Lieutenant Becker with the four killers of Rosenthal the gambler—Gyp the Blood, Whitey Lewis, Leftie Louie, and Dago Frank. (The regular price for a killing was £20.)

Nice boys if you took them right; but it was easy to take them wrong. Gyp the Blood, reckoned the best saloon bouncer since Monk Eastman, was especially impulsive. He was proud of his feats of strength. He used to boast that he had broken men's backs by just putting them across his knee, and once, to win a two-dollar bet, performed it successfully on a bystander. The Bowery laughed for days at Gyp's practical joke on the unsuspecting stranger.

Not far from where Schenck worked was a dive called Owney Geoghegan's, where waiters would put on a bare-knuckle fight for five dollars. Owney, who is said to have looked like a clergyman, had so many murders on his premises that nobody kept count. When he passed on himself, two wives attended the funeral, and the drivers of their cabs fought for the place behind the hearse all the way to the cemetery, each sorrowing relict hoping in this way to establish conjugal rights to the estate.

I mustn't leave the Bowery without mentioning some of its other captains of industry There was, for instance, a joint called Nigger Mike's. This was a little more refined, and a waiter called Izzy Baline used to draw tears from the assembled thugs and ladies of the town with songs in praise of virtue like "You Made Me What I Am To-day—I Hope You 're Satisfied," "She May Have Seen Better Days," "The Picture That is Turned Towards the Wall," "Teach Our Baby That I 'm Dead," and "Break the News to Mother."

"Sometimes Izzy sang on the table," Schenck recalls, "and sometimes the customers would all get to slugging and you 'd find Izzy under the table, maybe praying.

"Anyway, he got tired of the Bowery. One day he went up to Tin Pan Alley and changed his name to Irving Berlin and wrote 'Alexander's Ragtime Band,' and I guess he started something."

So did another old friend of Schenck's—a Pole named Asa Yoelson. The son of a Jewish cantor in Washington, young Asa ran away with his brother to New York and took to singing and dancing for coppers in Bowery dives. Later Asa changed his name, too, and blacked his face, and sang a song in front of a little bit of mica, and within three months the stock of a bankrupt firm called Warner Brothers jumped from six to sixty million dollars. Yes, he calls himself Al Jolson.

Also, there was a sixteen-year-old Jewish boy who went to Miner's Theatre on "amateur night," when the manager stood in the wings with a hook and jerked performers off at the first sign of disapproval. The Jewish boy was ambitious, but hadn't a whole pair of trousers. He hired a pair from a clubman friend for fifty cents of the dollar he was to receive, and went on and did some imitations. Instead of the hook he got a shower of coins, and that was the beginning of Eddie Cantor.

Great days, great boys. I 'd like to have been there and met them. All except Gyp the Blood, who broke men's backs for two dollars or just the fun of the thing. Gyp was rather bogus and went to the chair, and I 'm glad that you 're dead, you rascal, you.

Shirley Temple and Jack Holt in "The Littlest Rebel"

The new Shirley Temple film, in which John Boles co-stars with her again, had a charity première in aid of the National Children's Adoption Association last week at the New Gallery, where it 's now running. Miss Temple, we hear, is now official mascot of the Chilean Navy. What does she think of her new screen rivals, the Dionne Quins?

Portrait of Madeleine Carroll

This exquisite blonde is now in America making films for Walter Wanger; she went over there early this year, and has just finished a picture called *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*, with George Brent as co-star, and William Feiter directing. Nearer home her face appears daily and nightly on the Tivoli screen in *Secret Agent*, the Maugham-Hitchcock thriller with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre and Robert Young in it

Yevonde

The Mainwaring Sisters

Miss Diana Mainwaring and Miss Zara Mainwaring are the two daughters of the late Sir Harry Mainwaring and Lady Mainwaring, and an attractive-looking pair. Diana is the elder and was born in 1914; Zara Sophie Kathleen Mary is three years younger. Their father, the fifth Baronet, died in 1934, when the title became extinct. Lady Mainwaring is Sir Richard and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley's eldest daughter

Mother and Daughter

The Marchioness of Reading and Lady Joan Isaacs

Photographs by Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Lady Joan Isaacs

Lady Joan Isaacs is the elder of Lord and Lady Reading's two daughters, was born in 1918, and is one of the star debutantes of this year, both in looks and importance. Lady Reading is Lord Melchett's eldest sister, and married Lord Reading in 1914; he was then a young barrister, whose father was Lord Chief Justice and who was made a baron in the same year. As well as their two daughters, they have one son, now Viscount Erleigh, born in 1916. Lord Reading succeeded on the death of his famous father earlier this year. He has been a K.C. since 1929. Walmer Castle in Kent now belongs to him as well as his own houses in London and Sussex

Lady Reading

Glyndebourne itself is the loveliest old house in a peerless setting on the edge of the Sussex Downs. The theatre and dressing-rooms lie to the right of this photograph, built as an extension of the house

The three in the boat are Aulikki Rautawaara, of the two conductors, and Carl Ebert, the brilli bourne in both the previous seasons. Not s Moore in her, and she is now under contr by the way, is one of the chief betwe

Jean Beckwith and Molly Mitchell have been engaged again this year; their chief parts are as the Boys in "Die Zauberflöte"

Prelude to Glyndebourne

The Mozart Opera Festival in Rehearsal

THE third Glyndebourne Mozart Festival began last Friday with *Don Giovanni*, which has been added to the repertoire this year. It alternates with *The Magic Flute* till next Wednesday, when *Figaro* has its first performance, and later on *Cosi Fan Tutte* and *Die Entfürhung* appear again in the list of performances. The Festival ends on July 5th. Weeks before the opening night all the seats were sold for all but a few of the performances—as everyone knew they must be now that Glyndebourne means what it does in the musical world. Comparisons with Salzburg are out of date: the English Festival has established its own incomparable standard of beauty and excellence

Painting the Scenery

Now that the Festival has begun, the studio where that bit of scene-painting was going on has turned into the dining-room again. Hamish Wilson is responsible for the Glyndebourne décors

Left: the last-minute rush of dress-making kept a batch of girls hectically busy, especially on the clothes of "Don Giovanni," the new production

vely Finnish prima donna, Hans Oppenheim, one roducer. Mme. Rautawaara has sung at Glynde- risingly, the film companies saw a new Grace Gaumont-British. The walk by the lake, ts attractions on opera nights at Glyndebourne

Mrs. John Christie is the wife of that great musical philanthropist, the owner of Glyndebourne; she sings leading parts in the Festival as Audrey Mildmay. She is with Carl Ebert, whose work as producer has contributed enormously to the unique quality of the Festival

Left: Salvatore Baccaloni, the Italian singer, rehearses in the organ-room. This is his first appearance at Glyndebourne; he is singing Leporello in "Don Giovanni"

Below: another rehearsal going on; this time some of the chorus

Photographs by Bill Brandt

Hans Oppenheim

Herr Oppenheim is the second of the two Glyndebourne conductors. The other is Fritz Busch, head conductor, and also co-artistic director with Carl Ebert

Memoirs of an Air Raid

During the war a German bomb fell near Cleopatra's Needle and nearly ended its long life. Marks of the damage to its base are still visible. When the obelisk was erected in 1878 a surprising collection of objects was walled up inside it for the benefit of future ages—a newspaper of the day, a selection of British coins minted that year, and a Bradshaw railway guide. The last might give future antiquarians something to puzzle over

One of the Great Sphinxes That Gaze, Blind-Eyed, Up and Dow

London Monuments

No. 6. Cleopatra's Needle and Its Guardian Sphinx

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

the Thames

THE various inscriptions on the base of the Needle record its strange life. It was quarried at Syene and erected at the temple of On, Heliopolis, by Thothmes III., about 1500 B.C. During the Greek Dynasty it was removed to Alexandria, royal city of Cleopatra, and erected there in B.C. 12. "Prostrate for centuries on the sands of Alexandria," it was presented in 1819 by Mahomet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, to the British Nation, as a memorial of Nelson and Abercrombie. Finally, "through the patriotic zeal of Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., this obelisk was brought from Alexandria encased in an iron cylinder. It was abandoned during a storm in the Bay of Biscay, recovered and erected on this spot by John Dixon, C.E." in 1878. On the back are the names of six sailors who "perished in a bold attempt to succour the crew of the obelisk ship, Cleopatra, during the storm, October 14th, 1877." The inscriptions of Thothmes are in the centre of each face—a record of its erection and of his prayers and offerings to On. Later, Ramases the Great added the lateral inscriptions to record his own victories

Photographs by Anthony

The Valse in "Sylphides"

André Eglevsky and Marie Ruanova

Of the Blum-Fokine Company

Ruanova and Eglevsky are two of the chief dancers in the Ballets de Monte Carlo now at the Alhambra. Marie Ruanova is making her first appearance in England; she had been for several years the star of the Collon Theatre at Buenos Aires (she is an Argentine) and was discovered there by Fokine. Eglevsky was already known here as a fine classical dancer. He studied in Paris under Kchessinska and in London under Nicolas Legat, did his first important work with the de Basil company, with whom he danced for two years, then went to Leon Woizikovsky's company, and was with them when they came to London last year. During the winter he joined the company formed by René Blum at Monte Carlo

Howard Coster

Michael Fokine—a Master of the Ballet

It is twenty-two years since Fokine was last in London. Then he was Diaghileff's choregraphic director and at the peak of his career as the creator of modern ballet. He began his career as dancer and choregrapher at the famous Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg, where he worked under the great Petipa; by 1909, when he joined Diaghileff, he had already established himself as Petipa's successor in the line of history-making choregraphers. Since he left Diaghileff he has taught and produced all over the world, with America as his headquarters. Now he has come back to London with René Blum's company, personally supervising the production of his own most famous works, and with a new ballet, *L'Epreuve d'Amour*, in the repertoire to prove that his inspiration is as brilliant and dateless as ever. His greatest creations—*Sylphides*, *Carnaval*, *Petrouchka*, *Scheherezade*, *Prince Igor*, *L'Oiseau de Feu* among them—revolutionised the ballet in their day; now these classics of the one-time rebel Fokine provide the standard by which all the work of to-day is judged. In fact, to Fokine the balletomane of 1936 owes, directly or indirectly, almost everything he cares for

D. Stuart

Tennis Miniatures—Anita Lizana and Gem Hoahing

The two smallest players of championship tennis met—but not on the court—at Surbiton, when Señorita Lizana specially asked to be photographed with Miss Hoahing because the little Chinese girl was several inches shorter than herself. The Chilean champion, a lion-hearted player, met Dorothy Round in the finals of the Surrey Grass Court Championships, and was badly beaten 6—2, 6—3. Gem Hoahing was knocked out in the second round. She is fifteen this year, junior champion of Middlesex, and such a promising player she might be accepted for Senior Wimbledon before she is old enough to enter for the Junior Championships. She is a pupil at Twickenham County School

FROM A PAINTING BY W. SMITHSON BROADHEAD

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. B., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 40

"Aren't you Quatraine, the actor?"

Touchy

By B. L. Jacot

Illustration by Rojan

WHEN they tell you that these dames and persons that sing for big money take to throwing their dogs at persons just to get themselves noticed, don't you believe it. They 're not acting. There 's something about the show business that makes a difference. Touchy.

Take Varney Quatraine, for instance. Joe will still say that Varney should be in the looney bin, but I know different. For one thing, you could tell Varney was an actor a mile off, although he hadn't been acting in years. To make sure you knew, he would start telling you, no matter who you were, as soon as you got within talking distance. He was well known round the cafés. Not a bad-looking old gent at that, with long white hair and a face that looked like he was someone special.

I personally never met him without the old boy trying a touch for a few francs. That night, Joe had taken him along with the Frog, Marcel, and me to use as a front. We were sticking up cars round Paris and had had trouble in getting the cars to stop peaceably as Joe liked it. We had three good takes and folk were getting wary. That was how the business was that night. Joe wanted one more take before leaving the line as too hot, so he took the old trouper along.

I WAS driving our Delage in a chauffeur's rig-out, and when Varney flags a likely car we had the Delage parked on the lower road that goes through the woods between Ville d'Avray and St. Cloud. The old man stands like Joe tells him, in the light of our own head-lamps, with me, his chauffeur, showing too, and sure enough, this car pulls up.

You see, the old boy is a fine-looking scout yet, in spite of the whisky-shake in his hands. He is between seventy and eighty and has been hanging round the cafés in Paris for years. He claims to have been a great one in his day on the stage, but if anyone ever knew him he hasn't worked for so long they would have forgotten him anyway. For a few francs you could always buy him for a confidence job, or, in fact, any job. Nothing came too low for Varney.

Joe had him all dressed up in evening clothes, and it worked. Two men were in that car, and I got the signal from Joe that they were all right for a take, and nudged the old boy.

"I regret the necessity for stopping you, gentlemen," Varney begins in his voice that sounds like the President of the French Republic. "My chauffeur tells me we are broken down. Would you mind telephoning for me to my house in Paris so that they can send out another car?"

He knew his lines and was going well. Joe has given him a number that will answer and talk sense when they ring up, and this he has to use in case we don't want to stick this particular car-load up. You can never tell until the car stops whether it is worth the risk. We have had the signal, so he knows he does not have to use this number on these two fellows whom we are going to try for a take. Varney has to get them out of the car and on to the road, when Joe and Marcel will come round from where they 're lying low and stick them up.

It 's simple, but you have to keep on the move; and you can't work one town more than a few times.

WELL, the man who is driving leans over and answers the old boy in English. "But certainly!" he says. "I 'll telephone to your house from Ville d'Avray. Would you like a lift back to Paris?"

Varney says he is headed the other way and says he 'll wait for the other car. He begins to talk about himself. In his imagination he is a wealthy citizen, with two cars, and these old actors have to work up a subject once they get their teeth in it. I know Joe is getting peeved. You have to work quick, or leave it on jobs like this.

(*Concluded on page* 424)

Debutantes' Gallery

The "Bystander" Selection of the 1936 Entry

Kay Vaughan

Miss Patricia Raeburn

Pearl Freeman

Miss Jacynthe Underwood

Lenare

Miss Theresa Villiers

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Miss Sheila Macnamara

Hay Wrightson

Miss Noreen Ponsonby

● ***Patricia Raeburn*** *is Lady (Ernest) Raeburn's daughter; her mother is giving a dance for her on July 6th.* ● ***Jacynthe Underwood*** *has her dance on June 22nd. She is Mr. and Mrs. Eric Underwood's only daughter.* ● ***Theresa Villiers*** *is the daughter of the late Algernon Villiers and Lady Hunsdon. She is the late Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Villiers' grand-daughter.* ● ***Sheila Macnamara*** *is Mrs. Neil Macnamara's daughter. Her mother, who lives at 20, Grosvenor Square, gave a dance for her at the Ritz on May 20th.* ● ***Noreen Ponsonby*** *is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brabazon Ponsonby, of Thurles. Hunts with Tipperary; brother is A.D.C. to the Governor of New South Wales.* ● ***Anne Whitbread*** *is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Major and Mrs. Robert Whitbread, of Ascot Park and 10, Chester Square.* ● ***Joan Kendall*** *had her dance on May 22nd. She is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. John Kendall.* ● ***Joan Stafford-King-Harman*** *is Sir Cecil and Lady Stafford-King-Harman's elder daughter. They live in Whitehall Court. Her dance was on May 4th*

Kay Vaughan

Miss Anne Whitbread

Kay Vaughan

Miss Joan Kendall

Lenare

Miss Joan Stafford-King-Harman

Lafayette

Miss Edith Sybil Lambart

Lenare

Miss Jessica St. Aubyn

Yvonne Gregory

Miss Babette Talbot Baines

● ***Edith Sybil Lambart*** *is the daughter of the Hon. Lionel and Mrs. Lambart; her father is the Earl of Cavan's brother and heir.* ● ***Jessica St. Aubyn*** *is Mr. Francis and the Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn's daughter. Her father is Lord St. Levan's heir, her mother is Lord Carnock's sister.* ● ***Babette Talbot Baines*** *has a dance at 71, Cadogan Square on June 30th. Her mother, Mrs. Matthew Talbot Baines, is a daughter of the late Cavaliere Allatini.* ● ***Juliet McLeod,*** *who is having her dance with Betty Tweedy, is Mrs. Norman McLeod's daughter.* ● ***Betty Tweedy*** *is Mrs. Lawrence Tweedy's daughter; having a dance with Juliet McLeod at Claridge's on June 16th.* ● ***Caryl Thompson*** *came out last year, but is going to be presented this year. She is Mr. and Mrs. V. T. Thompson's daughter.* ● ***Pamela Phillimore*** *is the late Capt. Paul Phillimore's daughter. Mrs. Aspinall, her cousin, gave a dance for her on May 27th.* ● ***Valerie Monckton*** *will have a dance when her undergraduate brother comes of age. She is Mrs. Walter Monckton's daughter*

Catherine Bell

Miss Juliet McLeod

Catherine Bell

Miss Betty Tweedy

Lenare

Miss Caryl Thompson

Hay Wrightson

Miss Pamela Phillimore

Lenare

Miss Valerie Monckton

Touchy *(Continued from page 421)*

Varney says he will give them the telephone number written down, and to get them out of the car he turns to the back of the Delage, as arranged. The men get out of their car, and the fellow who was driving stops short to say :

" Aren't you Quatraine, the actor ? "

At that, Varney stops short, too, and I see his chest swell and a light come into his eyes. " I am he," he says slowly, and you can see the sound of the words is sweet to him. " Have I had the pleasure of meeting you before ? "

The man who was driving is an oldish man too. " I have seen you in Shakespeare many times," he says. " I thought I recognised your voice when you spoke."

The old man bows in a way that looks good, even to me, who is itching for him to get on with the take business. He begins to talk about which play was it, and what rôle ? And soon they are chatting, the old man saying he lives in retirement in Paris, and I don't know what else. I know that Joe must be mad, crouching with Marcel at the back, waiting for the old boy to get them over out of the lights.

Varney must have been some good, some time, for this fellow remembers a lot, and some of it checks up with what the old boy has told us himself. It seems they are getting on very well, when I notice a change in the drift of the talk. I hear movement at the back and begin to get nervous, for I know Joe is planning something swift. I do not care for open shooting.

It is plain now that Varney will take a lift back with these two guys to Paris. From the way he is talking to them about Malvolio and Falstaff, and other folks, and working back towards the other car, we know that he intends changing over. I figure that what this guy says is so sweet to him, when no one has remembered him for years, that from now on he is this guy's man.

Knowing Joe's reputation as a killer and that Joe is behind him with guns you will understand that it takes them in a way that makes them crazy. I know that Joe will shoot him up in two shakes, and I am nervous. But the old boy is not. He is full of chest and still talking of this Malvolio.

I am waiting for the crash of Joe beginning to shoot behind, when the little man who was riding as passenger in the car we stopped ducks his head inside their car and when he turns round he has two guns in his hand.

My hands are already up to the sky, but he calls out : " Come on out from round the back of that car or I 'll start spraying you with lead ! "

Nothing happens, so he says it in French, too. They range me alongside the old man in the headlights and the little man goes round warily to see, leaving the other to keep us covered. There is no one there, of course, by then. I know that Joe is lying up waiting to see how much these fellows know and who they are. He has the advantage and can begin shooting when he thinks best. I know that a little thing like hitting us in the shooting as well as the other two would not trouble Joe, and I am nervous enough.

THE little man comes back, and from what he talks over with his pal I get to know this other is a man from London who is a detective sent across on account, I find, of them suspecting Joe and me, who have been pulling jobs over in England. I know now that Joe will begin shooting if he hears this from where he is among the trees.

" I resent this outrage ! " I hear the old boy shouting, and I believe he does and thinks it is. He is still acting the part like he has said, and is back in the old days as a great actor. It looks as if he has forgotten he is a bum and a crook.

Then a funny thing happens. The man who has been saying he would never forget how he acted turns on him and begins calling him names, wanting to know where Joe is, and so on. He says something about third-rate actors, then stops and laughs. He says that Varney was lousy on the stage and lousier off.

At first it did not seem to take with Varney, but I see it sink in. It is funny how it will take these folk.

The old man jumps at him and catches him a swipe on the side of the head that makes me stand on one leg, and in the same movement he knocks the little man for six right into the ditch. I grab the guns that fall, and before he knows what is happening I push him into the Delage and we are off.

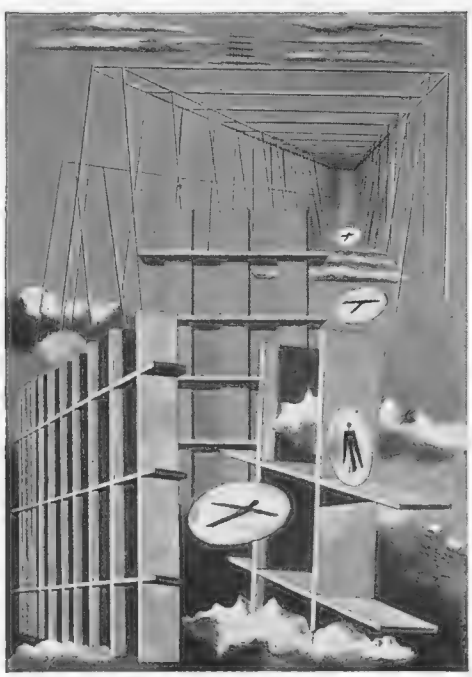
It was certainly death to pull down your hands in the face of three guns. I reckon the old boy wasn't thinking about death. He just acted, and it was the surprise that did it. All I know is that as we drove off it seemed he couldn't do a thing except keep saying : " Lousy ! The oaf called me . . . *lousy* ! "

We ditched the car early next morning on the Swiss frontier and separated. He was still sore and ready to argue it out with me, but I wave him so-long and fade. I don't know what happened to him. I haven't seen him since. Nor has Joe when I pick up with him again.

Joe can't understand a man going off his rocker over a little talk about play-acting, and he says the old man ought to be in the looney bin. But I know different, myself : though, naturally, I do not argue with Joe.

Once you are in the show business something bites you. You never can tell what 's going to come of that bite.

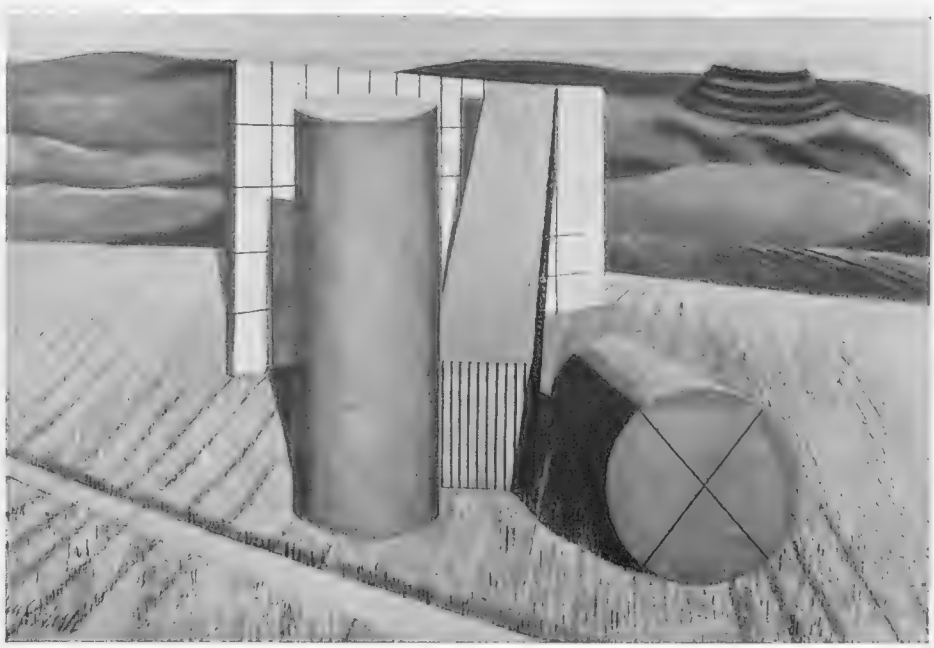
THE END.



" Mansions of the Dead "

These two pictures by Paul Nash are appearing in the International Surrealist Exhibition this month at the New Burlington Galleries. " Mansions of the Dead " belongs to Arthur Bliss, the composer. Paul Nash is on the English committee of the Exhibition, which will contain fifteen countries' surrealist creations

Two Surrealist Pictures by Paul Nash



" Spatial Composition "

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Dover Street Studios

A really well-cut tailor-made never fails to look smart, and may be worn on any and every occasion, provided the material is suitable. This year, more than ever, is a season for tailored suits, and Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, make them to measure from 10 guineas or ready to wear, 8½ guineas. They have designed the model above, which is carried out in pale grey light-weight summer flannel, with a dark pin-stripe check. The coat, with link fastenings, has rounded corners and a curved-in waist, while the skirt is slim and straight, with a back panel and two inverted pleats in front. It seems hardly necessary to add that this firm have an enviable reputation for clever cutting and perfect fit, while their staff is skilled in the execution of orders from self-measurement forms. These will gladly be sent free on request, together with patterns and an illustrated catalogue

Rippling frills relieve the simple lines of this chiffon blouse, diagonally striped in royal blue and white. It is entirely hand-made with fine tucks to ensure a perfect fit across the shoulders. The high round neck opens down the back, while the short sleeves lend a youthful air. From Woollands, Knightsbridge, it costs 59s. 6d.

Pleats are everywhere this season, and add a decorative finish to this charming blouse with frilled collar and jabot. It is made of crisp lisse dyed a soft shade of cloud grey, and comes from Woollands together with the model on the left. There are other colours, including ivory and duck-egg blue

A Trio For Tailor-mades

There is something delightfully cool and refreshing about this spotted organdie jumper printed in gay colours. The double collar forms a graceful cascade, and a petersham ribbon encircles the waist. With a tailor-made, however, it could be worn tucked into the skirt, and the belt dispensed with. A smart alternative would be a silk linen shirt blouse with scarf collar for 25s. 9d.

Dover Street Studios

discovered by peta
pictured by pam

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

A pleasant change from the conventional whisky decanter is provided by the Tyrolean figure on the left, a spirit-flask from Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is hand-painted in vivid colours, and may be seen in the china and glass department, together with other variations

There is something distinctly sinister about a number-plate with skull and crossbones. Harrods provide the latter, complete with red lights which gleam from the eyes and mouth in solemn warning

From Hungary come felt accessories which lend a touch of individuality to country clothes. Black and white is the colour scheme of the belt and cravat on the left, which may be seen at Harrods, and cost 35s. the set

Pigskin and not straw makes the hat on the right, a newcomer to Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street. It is exceptionally light and comfortable to wear, the brim being lined with fine black felt which is very becoming

Reproductions of old prints decorate the new heat-resisting table mats at Marshall and Snelgrove. There are numerous designs to choose from, including racing and hunting scenes. A felt backing prevents any fear of scratching a polished surface

The old French superstition that lilies of the valley bring good luck has created a definite vogue for these flowers. Fenwick's have them in sprays from 4s. 6d., together with other "boutonnières" of mixed field-flowers

The "Bystander" Bookshelf : By Alan Thomas

Liberian Adventure

"When one sees to what unhappiness, to what peril of extinction centuries of cerebration have brought us, one sometimes has a curiosity to discover if one can from what we have come, to recall at what point we went astray." It was this curiosity which prompted Mr. Graham Greene, in company with his cousin, to explore the beginnings of things, humanity, so to speak, in its cradle. He took a *Journey Without Maps* (Heinemann; 15*s.*) on foot through the uncharted hinterland of the black African Republic of Liberia. It was a brave thing to do, all things considered—things, I mean, like cockroaches eating your clothes, rats gambolling round you in the night, jiggers working in under your nails, ants fastening on to your flesh, and lepers standing dumbly in front of you holding out their rotting hands.

The other side of the picture is the simplicity and tenderness of village life. "Love . . . existed here without the trappings of civilisation. They were tender towards their children (I seldom heard a crying child, unless at the sight of a white face, and never saw one beaten). . . . One was aware the whole time of a standard of courtesy to which it was one's responsibility to conform."

The journey had, too, its lighter moments. That chat with President Barclay, for example, on election methods. The President's predecessor had had a majority of 600,000, although the whole electoral roll amounted to less than 150,000. But Barclay could do better than that. He was going to hold a plebiscite to increase his own term of office from four to eight years, and if his majority should be in doubt, there was always the printing press.

But on the whole the journey only served to reinforce "the sense of disappointment with what man had made out of the primitive, what he had made out of childhood."

Mr. Graham Greene is never dull and is usually provocative. His book, moreover, is an account as much of spiritual as of physical adventure. But having read it I have no desire to go marching through Liberia.

If you are among the minority who regard films as made by nit-wits for nit-wits, you will enjoy Mr. Eric Siepmann's *Waterloo in Wardour Street* (Chatto and Windus; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a witty, malicious and diverting satire on our cinema industry. Although Mr. Siepmann's movie company is British and has an Elstree studio, all his characters, irrespective of nationality, run true to the traditional Hollywood form. That means, of course, that everything is done on the most wildly extravagant and inefficient lines: the director is a pocket dictator full of the kind of driving force that drives in circles: the staff for the most part have no qualifications for their job, and the few who have do nothing, because they have nothing to do.

Mr. Siepmann's company sets out to make a super-film of the history of England "based on sound patriotic values." A completely inexperienced young man is engaged at a colossal salary to produce it. After weeks of delay and muddle, the project is abandoned in favour of a film about the Battle of Waterloo: which, in turn, collapses when the director becomes convinced that he is Napoleon. Is this counted a fiasco? Not a bit of it. "What really makes a picture a success," says the publicity agent, "is the amount of money spent on it and the amount of publicity it gets." Despite the malice, there is much wheat among Mr. Siepmann's chaff.

In these days of gloomy foreboding, I am all for books that offer distraction. It was rather in this spirit that I approached *My Aunt in Pink*, by Richard Blake Brown (Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The book is described as an extravaganza, and in that it is an eccentric piece of literary production it is legitimately described. But eccentricity, like patriotism, is not enough. Unless there is something in the way of what is called human interest, or of wit, or of a plot that will hold the reader, eccentricity is merely boring. In reading *My Aunt in Pink* I can only say that I found little plot, less wit, and no human interest. Whatever there may be about this book touches a blind spot in me.

Lady Strangeways, who plays the title-rôle, is a wealthy woman "of unusual and far-reaching wiles," surrounded by servants who wear double-breasted Eton jackets of a rather bright shade of navy blue, scarlet satin knee-breeches, and scarlet stockings. On a visit to her exotic mansion comes the lady's niece, Maud Draper, late of Dawlish. No wonder that her spirit was a bit overpowered at first: but she soon adjusts herself, and joins in the fun with people like Mitia, alias Valerian Stiles, an eccentric intellectual, author of *Recaptured Corsets*; Sixtus Petteris, a gentleman given to jamming bits of broken glass on the top of garden walls; and Mr. Nigel Hedon, whose evening attire included a waistcoat of bright turquoise-blue velvet with large pearl buttons. You see the kind of atmosphere?

Mr. Blake Brown is not without talent: his writing has a literary flavour. But in this book he seems to me to have aimed too high and consequently missed the mark.

"Dear Sir" (Methuen; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a selection of letters to *The Times* edited by Douglas Woodruff. It contains the first letter (dated 2nd January 1785) ever written to that august journal, which in those days was known as the *Daily Universal Register* — a letter on the Drinking of Toasts and signed Billy Bumper. But most of the letters reproduced have been written since the war and cover a multitude of curiosities from the cormorant of St. Paul's to lying as a fine art. These pages are full of entertaining information and comment, amply justifying Mr. Woodruff's claim that the volume should make the inhabitants of the British Isles think more highly of themselves and of each other.

A good biography is *The Lost Historian* (John Murray; 12*s.* 6*d.*), a memoir of Sir Sidney Low, one of the outstanding figures of late nineteenth and early twentieth century journalism. Major Desmond Huston, who is the author of this work, seems to have had some difficulty in collecting material about his subject, and especially about his early years, but he has given us as good a picture as one could wish for of a great journalist who succeeded in practically everything he attempted and yet died a disappointed man.

"Aint yer got 'Winnie the Pooh' in yet?"

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Coming and Going

Pre-Whitsun Travel News

The Raymond Masseys Are Back

Raymond Massey and Adrienne Allen and their small son Daniel arrived back in England last week by the Empress of Britain from New York. Daniel, who is not three yet, made it his fourth Atlantic crossing. Raymond Massey had a big success in America during the winter in "Ethan Frome," the play from Edith Wharton's novel which will probably be seen in London in the autumn

At a Reception for the Ex-Viceroy

Lord and Lady Ratendone and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were at the East India Association reception for Lord and Lady Willingdon on their return from India. Lord Ratendone is Lord Willingdon's only son

Lord and Lady Tennyson

They also travelled back from America in the Empress of Britain. Lord Tennyson announced that he was all fit and ready for his season's cricket. Lady Tennyson is American; she and Lord Tennyson were married two years ago

Sir Archibald Sinclair Goes North

Sir Archibald Sinclair and his elder daughter, Miss Catherine Sinclair, were photographed at Euston before he went north for a constituency tour of Caithness and Sutherland, which he has represented since 1922. He has been the leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons since last November. Catherine Sinclair is sixteen, and is working at the Slade

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The British Amateur Championship

A Large Entry at St. Andrews

Despite sixteen last-day scratchings, a field of over 250 started in the unpleasant weather of last week's first round at St. Andrews. On the left Henry Howell (an ex-Welsh Champion) is with J. A. Griffiths; right are E. D. Hamilton, the Scottish Champion, Donald Cameron, and S. McKinlay

A. H. Bloomer, who had a walk-over in his first match, is talking to A. F. MacFie, the first Amateur Champion. He won the title by beating H. G. Hutchinson in the 1885 final

I. D. Lyle, H. H. Turcan, G. Illingworth, and T. A. Whitaker. Illingworth, the Littlehampton player, was one of those who secured a walk-over in the second round—his opponent scratched

Above: H. G. Bentley (Birkdale), the English Champion, P. W. Risdon (Coombe Hill), and Hon. M. Strutt (Addington)

On the left are A. Walker (Delamere Forest), who lost to D. H. R. Martin by 5 and 4 in the second round, and Colonel Skene

Right: four Stourbridge players met the cameraman together: E. Fiddian, C. Boulton, Dr. Tweddell, and J. H. Yardley

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The Oxford and Cambridge Teams that Met at Fenner's Over Whitsun

Cambridge—the home team: (standing) R. D. Cramsie (Shrewsbury and Pembroke), J. B. Wilkinson (Harvard and Emmanuel), G. J. M. Zarifi (Lycée de Marseille and Selwyn); (sitting) Marmohar Bhandari (Lahore and Emmanuel), K. R. Oliver (Tonbridge and St. John's), R. W. Higgin (Newton and Christ's—captain), and E. Itoh (Kobe, Japan, and Pembroke)

Oxford—the visitors: (standing) W. H. Earle (Rugby and Christ Church), R. Pulbrook (Harrow and Magdalen), R. C. Riseley (Clifton and Hertford), J. J. Adie (Shrewsbury and Magdalen); (sitting) A. M. Cunninggim (Duke University and Merton), J. A. S. Collins (Harrow and Christ Church—captain), and J. D. Anderson (Uppingham and Brasenose)

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

I WRITE this, with some reluctance, on an up-turned boat by the side of a Hampshire river. The mayfly are dancing in the meadows around me. Last evening a companion, on this same stretch of water, took a trout of three and three-quarter pounds, a noble, golden fish. And here I sit, tantalised indeed, for the trout are coming on to the fly, and my rod, all set up, is within arm's reach, and within even my compass I can see a decent fish feeding.

A great time of year, and I make no apology for writing about it, for the mayfly fortnight must have its place in any chronicle of summer sport. The meadows, golden with kingcups, are so lovely now, and is there any sound to compare with the song of running water? Here the river flows swiftly over shallows of golden gravel, and its lilting murmur is in my ears as I write.

It is enough to be here, peaceful for a while, away from the clatter of cities, though sometimes we have our excitements. I have been very careful to take the elementary precaution of soaking my cast properly, and thereby hangs a tale.

LAST May I came rushing down from London for this same festival, and hurried to the river bank, not far from this very spot. There I found, kneeling and watching, the massive person of W. N. Roughead, who captained Scotland at Rugby football not so long ago. Now, I am a keen fisherman, but Roughead is a good fisherman, a very good fisherman, and there is a distinction and a difference. He greeted me in awed tones. "There 's a fish out there," he said, "which must weigh at least five pounds. I 've been trying him for an hour, but he won't look at me." And as he spoke, a great nose broke the surface, and a mayfly was quietly absorbed by a trout which clearly meant business. Well, fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and I said cheerfully: "I 'll just show you how to catch him—it 's really quite simple," and I made one mock cast without serious intent. To my amazement, by one of those odd chances which plague fishermen, the cast was perfect, the fly alighted, like thistle-down, in the right place, and that great fish came up and took it without hesitation.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Norman Yardley

M. Jehangir Khan

Took six wickets for eleven runs against Warwickshire for Cambridge, and so set up a new record at Fenner's. He is the Light Blues' most dangerous bowler: also an All-India player

Left: Norman Yardley qualifies for the "Bystander" sportsmen's gallery with plenty to spare; he is a Cambridge triple Blue—hockey, squash, and cricket, made 101 against the Army this season, has won the Drysdale Squash Cup three times, is a useful Rugger player, is left-handed, and at St. John's College

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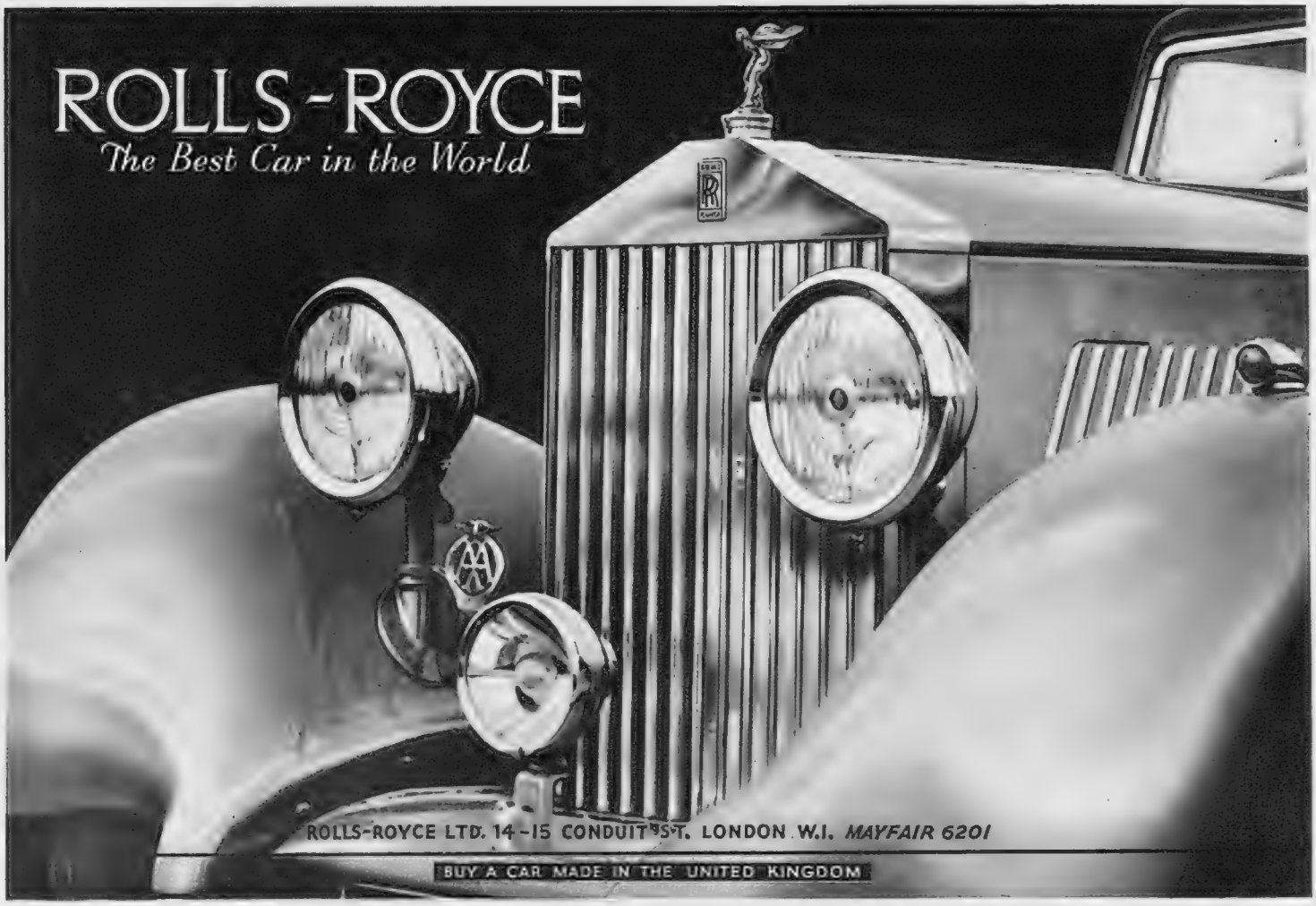

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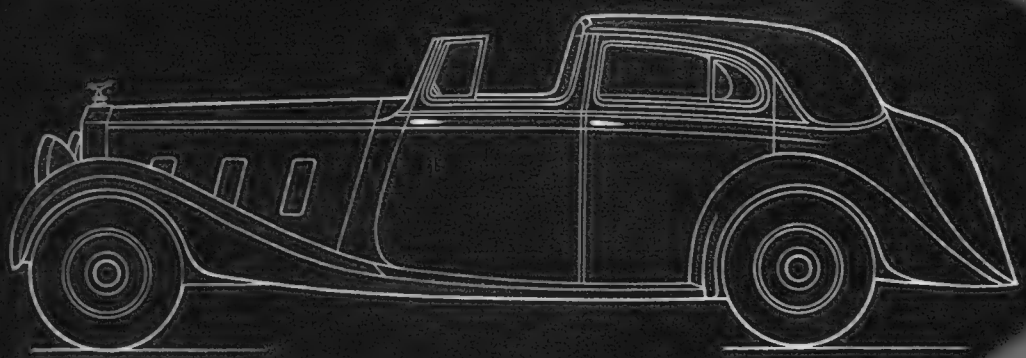

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Ladies' Championship

I WAS present at the Ladies' Golf Championship, which has lately been held over the links of the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club. The previous Ladies' Championship which I attended was the one won by Miss L. Dod, at Troon. Miss L. Dod must not be confused with Miss Muriel Dodd, who won at St. Anne's in 1913. Miss L. Dod was a very wonderful lady; besides winning the Ladies' Golf Championship, she won the lawn tennis Singles Championship at Wimbledon; she was a champion skater, and won many prizes with a bow and arrows. Nowadays it is hardly conceivable that a lady could win the golf and lawn tennis championships, although many of our good lady golfers do play the latter game. The serious golfers are loath to play lawn tennis, because they believe that it interferes with their swings, pivots, etc.

Miss Joyce Wethered is an extremely good lawn tennis player, and if she had been inclined to take the game seriously, she would, without doubt, have given a good account of herself at Wimbledon. Miss Wethered, however, is good at nearly all games, but I doubt if she has ever been a good half-back at Association football, like Miss Patty Berg, of the U.S.A. Curtis Cup team.

THERE were many interesting points about this last Ladies' Championship. All the reigning champions of the various countries were eliminated as soon as they possibly could be. Mrs. J. B. Walker was the only champion to get through the first round, but as she was drawn against another champion it was obvious that one champion was bound to be in the second round.

The second round, however, saw the end of Mrs. Walker, when she was defeated by Mrs. Temple Dobell, who, before her marriage, as Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, won both our own and the American Ladies' Championships at golf, a feat that no American and no other Englishwoman has performed. There have never been such cheery golfers in first-class ladies' golf as Miss Gladys Ravenscroft and her sparring partner, Miss Muriel Dodd, now Mrs. Allan Macbeth; they always hunted together, and got the maximum enjoyment out of the game, whether they were playing in championships or practice matches. They are the only two I know who consider the holing of an enormous putt in a championship an occasion for mirth. This feat, which is usually viewed with extreme displeasure, used to cause these two ladies to burst into roars of laughter. Nevertheless, they played as hard and as well as they could, but in a light-hearted manner, and never complained, like many of the present-day players, that the strain of competitive golf caused them to lose weight.

AS I suggested in a previous article that it would be, the links at Ainsdale was not suited to the play of the American ladies, and what people delight to refer to in all our golf championships as the "American menace," was soon eliminated. Miss Glutting, of U.S.A., removed the chief danger when she beat Mrs. Vare in a match which produced very poor golf. Only one American, Miss Miley, reached the last eight, and I do not think there was anyone who considered she had anything but a very outside chance of success.

The Championship, as you know, ended in Miss Pamela Barton beating Miss Bridget Newell over 36 holes in a very dull final, about which it was impossible to raise any enthusiasm. On the day of the final, Miss Barton was obviously tired, and Miss Newell, who had fought through a much stiffer portion of the draw, was completely worn out. Miss Barton, who was playing her third consecutive final of this Championship, was, and is, the better golfer; she drove, played her irons, chipped and putted better than her opponent. Her supremacy was most marked in the iron play, and as we all know, if we are playing the iron shots really well the driving does not matter very much, so long as it avoids trouble and chip shots are non-existent. At this Championship meeting, I must say, I think there is too much golf. On the Wednesday and Thursday before the Championship, international matches were played, followed by two days' qualifying, followed by four days of match play. Miss Newell had to play on all these days, while Miss Barton had the advantage of missing one of the international matches owing to a stiff neck.

On her journey to the final, Miss Barton beat Miss D. Plumpton by one hole, Miss J. D. Firth by 5 and 4, Miss Glutting by 3 and 2, Miss D. Wilkins by 4 and 2, and Miss K. Garnham by 5 and 4; while Miss Newell started by beating the reigning Champion, Miss Wanda Morgan, by 3 and 1, and followed this victory by beating Miss Diana Fishwick (an ex-Champion who is very difficult to beat, whether she plays well or badly) by 2 holes; next she beat Mrs. H. V. Newton (who, as Miss Beryl Brown, has won the Lancashire Ladies' Championship on numerous occasions, and who has a very good record in championship play) by 3 and 2; then Miss Marion Miley by 4 and 3, and Miss Molly Gourlay by 3 and 2.

There is little wonder that, in knocking out such good players one after another, Miss Newell shot her bolt before the final, and that there was no dash or fire left in her golf for the last day. If you arranged a match between two teams, one consisting of Miss Barton's victims, and the other of Miss Newell's victims, you would find Miss Barton's victims as easy to back as Oxford for the Boat Race.

IF we got no thrills out of the final, at any rate we can be thankful that it was played at a reasonable pace: the first eighteen holes took approximately two and a half hours to play, and when you consider that the players had continually to wait while the stewards cleared the crowd from the fairways, and then while the stewards cleared themselves from the centre of the course, we can congratulate the two ladies concerned, and hope that their example will be followed by male amateur golfers.

More St. Andrews Snaps

The Jubilee Championship at St. Andrews started last week in cold mist and rain and continued in bright sunshine for the third round. Here are E. Storey, Colonel Inglis, and Captain C. G. B. Stevens, the Royal and Ancient player

Andrew McClure (Wanstead) and J. W. Jones (Grange Park)

W. Tulloch (Cathkin Braes) and Lieut. D. C. Stark (Glenbervie)

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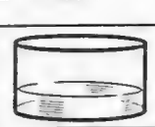
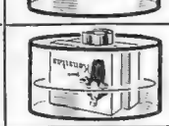
1	HERE IT IS — YOU TRY HIS DRASTIC TEST!— Mr. Bobby Howes put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.	
2	He placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. He did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, he lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	
RESULT:	On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.	

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Women's Golf

Turnberry to Come

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

As you may have realised, next year's Women's Open Championship is to be played at Turnberry, a very pleasant prospect if ever there was one. An equally pleasant and much more immediate one is our own BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes, which will begin there a week from to-day (on June 9th).

I do not know if the chance of going there for the Open made an extra number of the big people anxious to make acquaintance with it in good time, or the hospitality of a certain kind Scottish hostess, or the discovery, made on the way to the trials at Gleneagles Hotel course, that Scotland was really very close and extraordinarily delightful—whatever the cause, the number of absolutely tip-toppers in the entry is without precedent. The new Open champion, Miss Pam Barton, is coming, and so are all the rest of the British Curtis Cup team, excepting only Miss Wanda Morgan, and including one of the reserves, Miss Phyllis Wade, and their captain, Miss Doris Chambers.

THAT being so unprecedented and unusual, we have broken precedent in another direction and seeded the draw. It would have been too calamitous to have these distinguished couples at each other's throats in the first round, while pairs on the limit allowance of 30 slipped along through several. We have, as you know, never once before interfered in the smallest degree with the workings of fate. This time—I am perfectly frank with you—we did. Every couple with a Curtis Cup-ite in it, and the other couples with joint handicaps of five and under, had their counters taken out of the general hat. Then we pricked with a pin—just as Lord Derby recommended the Press dinner to do in search of the Derby winner—amongst the starting times in each section, and as each time was pricked, drew from their own special hat one of the seeded's counters, which was written down against that time. Having thus sown them at safe intervals, the rest was left to chance.

IT means that the back-markers of the whole tournament, Mrs. Wallace Williamson and Mrs. J. B. Watson, who are scratch, cannot meet the next lowest, Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. Garon, before the final, and the last eight might, in this order, be Miss Phyllis Wade and Miss Julia Hill (3), or Mrs. Iorns and Miss Audrey Holmes (5), who won the Spring Medal Foursomes in 1934, v. Mrs. Wallace Williamson and Mrs. Watson; Miss Jessie Anderson and her elder sister, Miss Isa—they have 20 between them—v. Miss Nan Baird and Miss Betty Henderson (4), or Mrs. A. M. Holm and Mrs. Jack Symington (11), these pairs meeting in the last sixteen; Mrs. Walter Greenlees and Miss Mervyn Barton (5) v. Mrs. J. B. Walker and Miss Doris Chambers (2); Miss Helen Nimmo and Miss Robertson-Durham (4) v. Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. Garon (2), or Miss Nell Forrest and Miss Madge Howie (5), these meeting in the last sixteen. So now you know. Though this seeding must not be taken as a precedent, it is at least an interesting experiment. At Southport there was a lot of talk about the wisdom or foolishness of seeding, the luck of the draw for the championship having been extraordinarily un-British. I shall not quickly forget sitting there with notebook and pencil, watching those inexorable numbers drawn, and realising that it was possible for the last eight to be composed entirely of Americans, while the best Britishers must put out each other early in the day.

PERSONALLY, I am not quite sure whether in open events under scratch conditions seeding is possible or desirable: in a handicap event such as these Foursomes it has certainly been possible, and it remains to be seen whether it is desirable.

Worked out to the last eight it all sounds horribly calculating and cold-blooded. It would be comparatively easy for any of the opponents, who will receive many strokes, to upset all calculations, have a good laugh at them and at us, and go away, fingers to nose, saying, "A fig for your seeding!"

HOWEVER, we can but try. Nothing can stop us all enjoying ourselves at Turnberry. Play is over the Arran course, more familiarly called the New, and a magnificent test it is. Probably in the long, light evenings there will be a good many who will steal away for a friendly over the Ailsa or Old course, so that they can sniff the sea, and quite probably visit it with a pull on some of the outward holes. But they will doubtless feel relieved, at all events the short handicaps, to be having the real battles over the other, which is one of the most testing as well as delightful of courses to be found anywhere, even in Ayrshire.

THERE is only one regret. The holders will not be there. Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp are loyal Midlanders, and the Midlands Championship coming the same week, local patriotism will take them there. Sad—just as it is sad that Irish and Welsh Championships also clash; but the season grows longer and longer, fixtures more terribly complicated, and to miss everything with a fixture lasting a fortnight, as the Scottish Foursomes and Championship do, is too much to ask.

Space seems full, so that after-thoughts on Southport must wait again.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Looking Back to Southport

Patty Berg's forceful action, especially in driving, has given the critics something to say about American styles. This picture of her was taken at Southport

Heil!

Miss Pam Barton, the new Ladies' Open Champion, was greeted in this wise at her own club, Royal Mid-Surrey, on her return from Southport and Ainsdale

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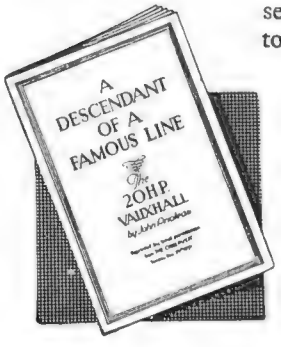

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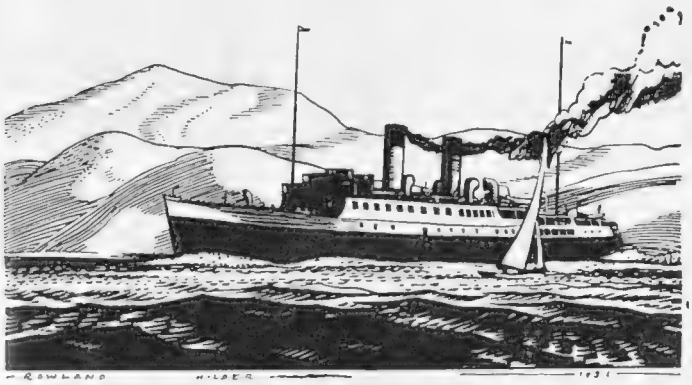
(1) L. F. Rowlandson (chairman). (2) E. Bishop and G. Worsley (directors). (3) W. Davies (hon. secretary) and J. A. W. Hepburn (captain). (4) W. Gibbs and H. S. Collinge (ex-captains). (5) J. Leadbeater (committee member) and B. Middlebrook. (6) J. H. Litherland and E. Griffith. (7) J. M. T. Reynolds and A. Poirrette (ex-captains). (8) W. R. Simister and M. Marsh



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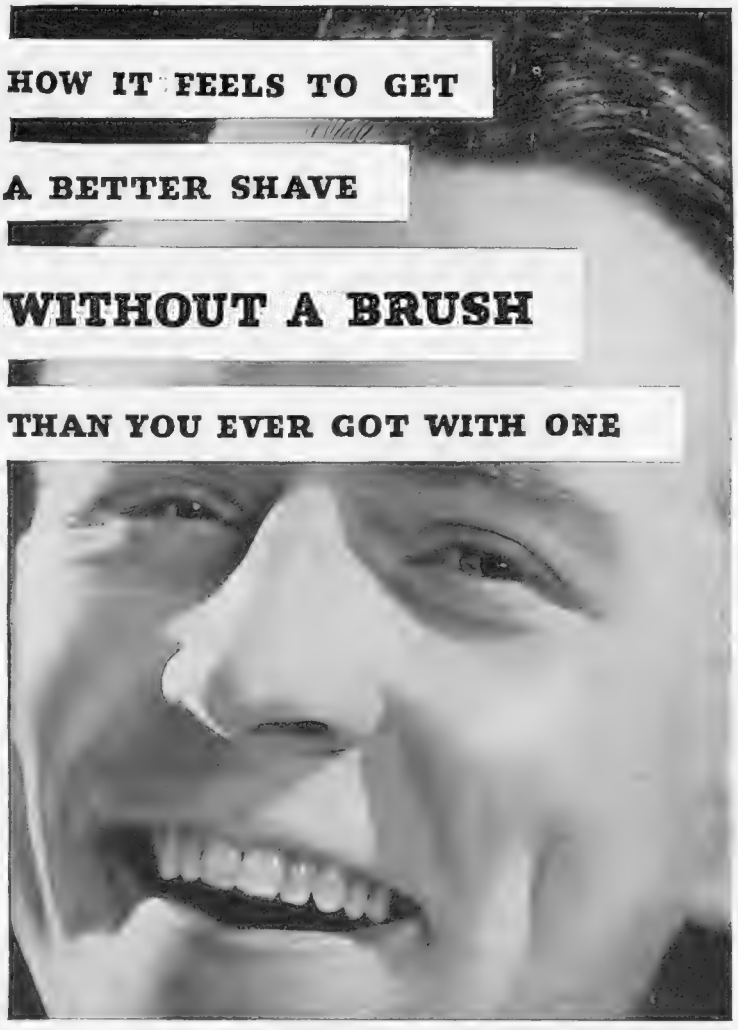

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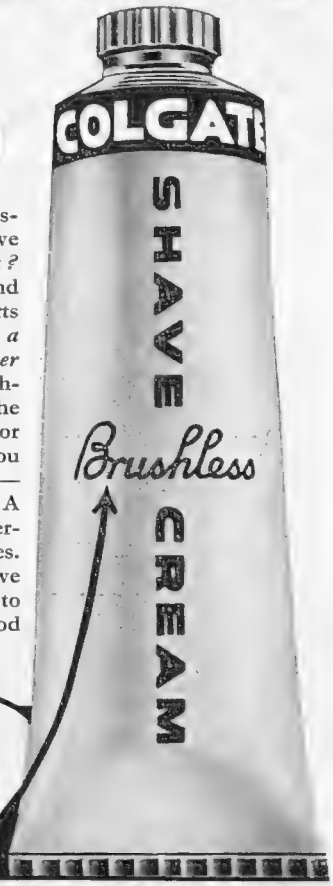

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NO BRUSH

The Air Attracts Big Business !

By Charles Ward

Aviation in Millions

FLYING figures are rapidly attaining astronomical proportions. World air-route miles flown per annum already exceed 100,000,000, and capital invested in aviation must exceed £50,000,000. The air has become "big business." Parliament has voted a million and a half a year as a subsidy for British air transport until 1953, time enough to span the Atlantic, North and South, Canada and the Pacific, thus setting up an Imperial air route round the world. The present Empire programme aims at a 2½-day schedule to East Africa and to India, 4½ days to South Africa and the Malay States, and 7 days to Australia. There will be nine services a week to Egypt, five to India, and two to Australia and South Africa. All first-class mails will be carried from England to countries within the Empire at 1½d. per half-ounce—in effect, this means that normal private and business correspondence will receive the benefit of air speed without extra charge. The change from land-planes to flying-boats for long-distance routes means that Croydon will cease to be the terminus for England and will become just one of London's airports. Portsmouth is the centre that is favoured for a marine airport. Langstone Harbour will be dredged and closed to all but air traffic, long-distance passengers, goods and mails being handled from London by rail. Trans-Atlantic air services may utilise a "hopping-off" place in Ireland.

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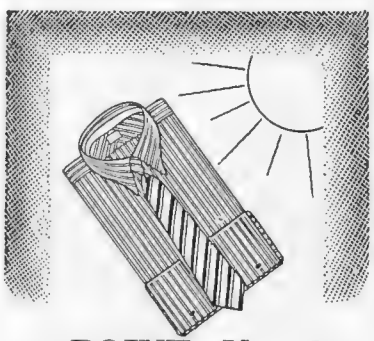
Air Services to Ireland

THE Irish Free State has remained off the air map of Europe for far too long. This has been due, no doubt, partly to its peculiar constitutional position within the Empire and also to lack of funds. Many less important countries have airports and air routes, but they are on the way or in the way to somewhere else. Ireland is about to come into the aeronautical picture in a big way. It is en route to and from North America. Many pioneer Atlantic flights have included Ireland, either going or coming, and now regular services must take into account its favourable geographical position, in order to shorten the over-sea journey and diminish their fuel load. Local services to England were begun just before Whitsun.

(*Concluded on page viii*)



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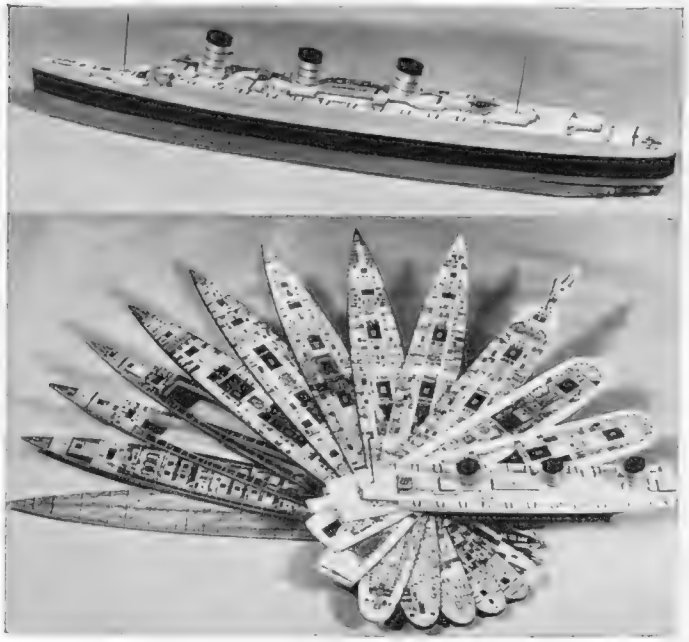

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CVS—12

The Air Attracts Big Business!

(Continued from page vi)

Dublin is linked with Bristol and with Liverpool via the Isle of Man. The British company interested is Blackpool and West Coast Air Services, of which Captain G. P. Olley, well known on the air routes and as an air taxi operator, is managing director. Ulster has been served by regular lines for some years. Both British Airways and "Railair" work between Belfast, England, and Scotland. Harland and Wolff's, shipbuilders of Belfast, have agreed with Short Brothers of Rochester to form a new company to build aircraft, especially flying-boats, at Belfast. This is an important move from several points of view. Short's are one of the oldest and the most successful firms in the country and have large orders in hand for the Government and Imperial Airways, but the position of their works at Rochester is most vulnerable in case of war, whereas Belfast is relatively safe. The prestige of an alliance with Harland and Wolff is considerable, whilst the cash resources of the two concerns will be sufficient to finance very big developments in future.

Learning to land over a model. E. H. Alliott, flying instructor at Brooklands, demonstrating to pupils with a model of the aerodrome which he has built. Max Findlay, chief instructor, is seen reclining with care on the step of the Moth

What's in a Name?

THE names of aeroplanes, like anything else, often fail to convey their type and purpose. The latest single-seater, for instance, called the "Tipsy," was not designed especially for crazy flying, and is most orthodox to look at—it derives the name from its designer, Mr. E. O. Tips, who is Fairey's managing director in Belgium. Using a Douglas "Sprite" engine, rated at 7 h.p., it has a top speed of 98, and will cruise 400 miles at 70 miles an hour. Landing speed is given as 37 miles an hour and its handling qualities appear to be excellent. Here is no freak type, but a straightforward job which should receive a C. of A. without difficulty. At a price of £265, it is the cheapest standard aircraft on the market. Petrol and oil costs work out at less than 3s. an hour, an attractive rate for clubs and schools wishing to obtain solo 'planes for experienced members who cannot afford enough flying on the standard Moths or what have you.

Summer Sport *(Cont. from page 434)*

I struck, my reel screamed, the trout went straight across the river like a battleship, and then, misery of miseries, my line went slack and drifted downstream. Broken. I had not soaked my cast properly. My only excuse is that I never thought for a moment that I could deceive or even reach that fish. What a game it is! And now I am a wiser man, for there was a tremendous trout, and I shall never touch his like again. Unless that fish out there—he is still rising, confound him!—is a monster also. How I hate work!

STILL, here we are in June, a month rich in summer sport. On the 22nd, Wimbledon begins—less than three weeks to go—and soon our champions will be working up to their best form. We shall be discussing the strength of the overseas invasion—von Cramm, of Germany, Crawford and McGrath and Quist, of Australia, Donald Budge, of America, and these Frenchmen, who have beaten us in Paris recently.

As for the ladies, Miss Round seems to have found her confidence again, and the pundits have high hopes of her. Very interesting, though, was the form of Miss Noel and Miss Yorke as double partners at Auteuil. These two players are advancing rapidly, and it is a pity that they are not paired at Wimbledon. The combination of Miss Yorke's strength overhead and Miss Noel's sense of position is very promising.

NEXT Wednesday we have a special treat, for the Westchester Cup polo matches between Great Britain and America begin at Hurlingham, and if the weather is kind, I can imagine nothing more enthralling. I do not doubt that by then the English selectors will have solved their problems satisfactorily, but as I write, their task is not altogether easy. One fact has emerged from the trial matches—Mr. Hughes very naturally finds it difficult to remember that he is playing as No. 1. At times he is sound enough, keeping his position on the opposing back, but he is apt to drop into the habits of a No. 3 and wander. It is particularly important, so my expert tells me, that the English forwards should keep position with a player like Hanut Singh to make openings for them. It is rather a pity, perhaps, that the English ponies were not allotted sooner, but there we are. The match promises extremely well.

NOW a note about cricket, for on the 13th we have a Test trial match, and on the 27th England play All-India in the first Test match at Lord's. What interests me at the moment, though, is the proposal, not yet official, for more experimental legislation. This is to the effect that the fielding side should be allowed to have a new ball every 200 runs, or—and this is the point—every three hours. The sponsor of this scheme, I gather, is R. E. S. Wyatt, an astute cricketer indeed, and the proposal certainly has merits. It would unquestionably help the swerve bowler, and bring renewed life into the attack. It might even cause batsmen to push their score along for fear of the new ball, and anything which encourages enterprise is worth trying. It is, moreover, a proposal which does not interfere radically with the principles of the game, and so is worth considering.

I am one of those conservative folk who regard change with suspicion. I agree with one of the best of our county captains, who said to me the other day: "The game's all right—let's leave it alone. It's the pitches and the players we want to get at." These doped wickets are still a problem. In my opinion, they are the major problem, and the sooner groundsmen are forced to prepare natural wickets, the better it will be for players, spectators, county treasurers, and everyone else.

A Correction

It has been pointed out to us that on p. 266 in the issue of May 13 we used the term "televisor" incorrectly. This word is the registered trade mark of Televisor, Ltd., and should not be used except in connection with that company. We regret our mistake.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Patricia Dane

Patricia Mary Stevenson Dane, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dane, of 7, Kildare Terrace, W.2, is engaged to Patrick Finlay Robins, younger son of the late F. C. Robins and Mrs. Robins, of Hythe, Kent

Navana

Elizabeth Twist

Elizabeth Helen Twist, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Twist, of Withybrook, near Coventry, Warwickshire, has announced her engagement to Lt. Hugh Greaves Walters, Royal Navy Submarine Service, Malta

Catherine Bell

Gillian Mason

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Mason, of Rookeries, Sundridge, Sevenoaks; she is engaged to James Hale, younger son of the Rev. James and Mrs. Hale, of Yalding, near Maidstone

Lenare

Thea Brancker

Is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Sefton Brancker, of The Croft, Crowborough; she is engaged to Alan Dudley Scott, third son of the Hon. Osmund and Mrs. Scott, of High Broom, Crowborough, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Joyce Smith

Joyce Spring-Rice Smith, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, of Richmond, Rothley, Leicestershire, is engaged to George William Coster, only son of the late G. W. Coster and Mrs. Coster, of Porchester Square, Hyde Park, W.

Bassano

Florence Clover

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clover, of Sandiway, Cheshire; she is engaged to J. M. Frost, eldest son of the late Colonel Frost and Mrs. Mears, of The Dene, Chester

Dougl

Diana Mathias

Is the elder daughter of Mr. Robert and the late Mrs. Mathias, of 8, Lees Place, W.1; she is engaged to Baron Soyer de Bosmelet, of Château de Bosmelet, Auffay, France

Bassano

Mary Mogg

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mogg, and granddaughter of Mrs. Ballard, of Watlington, Oxford; she is engaged to J. F. Bassett, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. MacIvor Bassett, of Lelant, Cornwall

Lenare

Mary Lavinia Dean

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack H. Dean, of Aylesbury House, Packwood, Warwickshire; she is engaged to Richard Tapper Cadbury, of Wast Hills, King's Norton

Larkin — Shackleton

At the Greenwich R.N.C. Chapel, Lt. Edmund Larkin, R.N., only son of the late E. J. M. Larkin and Mrs. Larkin, of Hacconby Cottage, Bushey, married Peggy Shackleton, daughter of the late Dr. W. W. Shackleton and Mrs. Shackleton, of Grove House, Bushey, Herts.

Stead — McCuaig

Molly McCuaig, daughter of the late Clarence McCuaig and Mrs. McCuaig, of Montreal, was married at St. Savior's, Walton Street, to Lieut. John Seymour Stead, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Stead, of Montreal

Kay Vaughan

Pamela Margaret Colledge

Is the elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. John Colledge, of Stallpitts, Shrivenham, Berks. She is engaged to Fred Hoyland Mayor, son of the late Fred Mayor and Mrs. Mayor, of Brockham, Betchworth

Catherine Bell

Ridley Martin — Valon

Lt. R. B. Ridley-Martin, eldest son of Lt. Col. and Mrs. A. Ridley-Martin, of Lavender Cottage, Purley, married Vera Valon, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. A. R. Valon, of 5, Porchester Court, W.2, at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. The bridesmaids were Peggy and Joan Myerscough, Ruth Fanguinetti and Valerie Worke; the best man was David Ridley-Martin

Pearl Freeman

Thora Cox

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Cox, of Roche Old Court, Winterslow, Wilts. She is engaged to Desmond Lee, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. W. S. Lee, of Dover

Taylor — Gibbons

Charles Stuart Taylor, M.P., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Taylor, of Stowford, Sutton, Surrey, and Mrs. Constance Gibbons (née Shotter), of Chester House, Eccleston Street, S.W.1, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Von Hohenberg — Wood

Prince Ernst von Hohenberg, second son of the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, married Maria Theresa Wood at St. Charles' Church, Vienna. She is the only child of Capt. and Mrs. George Jervis Wood

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 3 — June 9

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

AH, WILDERNESS!—Eugene O'Neill's comedy is about a small town family of loveable ordinariness—a very human piece of work: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEES ON THE BOAT DECK.—Is the title of Priestley's allegorical tangle about a beached boat; Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier, Kay Hammond support an amusing if vexing plot: Lyric, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BITTER HARVEST.—Eric Portman gives a fine performance as Byron in this play about the poet's domestic relations; Mary Glynne is Augusta Leigh, Norah Robinson is Lady Byron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—The comedy (or tragedy) of opposed temperaments in marriage is the basis of this amusing piece that runs like the poet's brook; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the pair: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

FUGITIVES.—Walter Hackett's nineteenth play is about a revolution in Spain, with his usual strong cast headed by Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Edwin Styles, and Phyllis Dare: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GREEN WATERS.—A dramatic and rugged piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.—"Max's" Regency fantasy, adapted by Clemence Dane and delightfully decorated by Motley, makes the most charming piece in London; Ivor Novello, Vivien Leigh, and Isabel Jeans are in it: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Clifford Bartlett: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MY SON'S MY SON.—D. H. Lawrence's play, based on *Sons and Lovers*; Louise Hampton is the mother, Gyles Isham and Valentine Dyall her sons: Playhouse, 8.15. Wed., Fri., 2.45.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett; Dorothy Hyson as Jane. Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, and John Gielgud the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's series of sketches has new additions, and make the best light entertainment going, with the author and Gertrude Lawrence in the leads: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Mazo de la Roche's novel, adapted by her, has amusing and touching moments; Nancy Price is Grandma Whiteoaks, Stephen Haggard is Finch: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Singing and Dancing

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Eric Woodburn

Is a Sansculotte in his dramatic monologue in Revudeville No. 76, at the Windmill

REVUDEVILLE No. 76.—Stafford and Marnitz, from the permanent orchestra, get into the limelight this week with a piano act; Gus Chevalier is joined by Hal Bryan in laugh-making, and there is a "Punch and Judy" ballet, as well as the ever-charming Revudebelles: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

RISE AND SHINE.—The music is by Robert Stolz, the sets in "Moronia" and England, the stars Binnie Hale and Jack Whiting, and the atmosphere impossible whoopee: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—William Walker's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Bella and Samuel Spewack's play is a light-hearted skit on Hollywood cœurs et mœurs, with Helen Chandler and Bramwell Fletcher: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE KING'S LEISURE.—Light comedy about an incognito King who gets little leisure—Paul Cavanagh, Nora Swinburne, and Helen Haye: Daly's, 8.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—Haymarket, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.45.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Theatrical Garden Party.

Held in aid of the Actors' Orphanage; attractions include "Noel Coward At Home" and Ivor Novello doing "The Grand Giggle": Inner Circle, Regent's Park, Tues., 9th, 3.

CINEMAS

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS.—Baroness Orczy's novel makes a glamorous, cosmopolitan spy-film, with Sybille Schmitz and Karl Ludwig Diehl: Curzon.

DIE EWIGE MASKE (*The Eternal Mask*).—A film of psychological research and the subconscious world—first from a new Swiss unit. Plenty of food for thought: Academy.

LIMELIGHT.—Anna Neagle is a chorus girl, Arthur Tracy is a street-singer who makes fame, forgets Anna, but comes back in the end; a theatrical sort of show: Plaza.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.—Freddie Bartholomew is the little Lord, Dolores Costello his mother, and C. Aubrey Smith the old Earl in this new version of an old favourite: London Pavilion.

THE LITTLEST REBEL.—The new Shirley Temple film—a story of the American Civil War—has John Boles and Karen Morley in support of the child star; a colourful piece of work: New Gallery.

THE MARRIAGE OF CORBAL.—Made from Rafael Sabatini's story; Hazel Terry is the fleeing aristocrat maiden, Hugh Sinclair her protector; English film—Karl Grune directed: Leicester Square.

MODERN TIMES.—Chaplin's newest got past the critics, and it is very good, but too up-stage for Charlie's essence; all the same, he and Paulette Goddard should be seen as waifs of a machine age: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE MUSIC GOES ROUND.—A musical (obviously) with Harry Bridgeman, Rochelle Hudson, and the composers of the song itself—all about the fortunes of a show boat show: Regal.

SECRET AGENT.—Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden* is the story of this film, an exciting and well-acted spy story, with John Gielgud, Robert Young, Peter Lorre and Madeleine Carroll: Tivoli.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE.—Sylvia Sidney and Fred MacMurray are the stars of this rather fine technicolour film, made out of doors: Carlton.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—From the Dalys' play, and all about blackmail and compromise; Loretta Young and Franchot Tone are the couple in question, also Lewis Stone; slick drama: Empire.

BALLET

BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.—René Blum directs, Fokine produces and dances, and the programme includes two new creations of his—*L'Epreuve d'Amour* (Mozart) and *Don Juan* (Gluck): Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2 30

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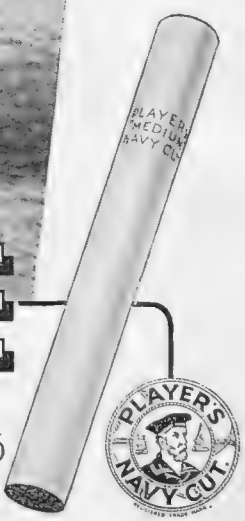

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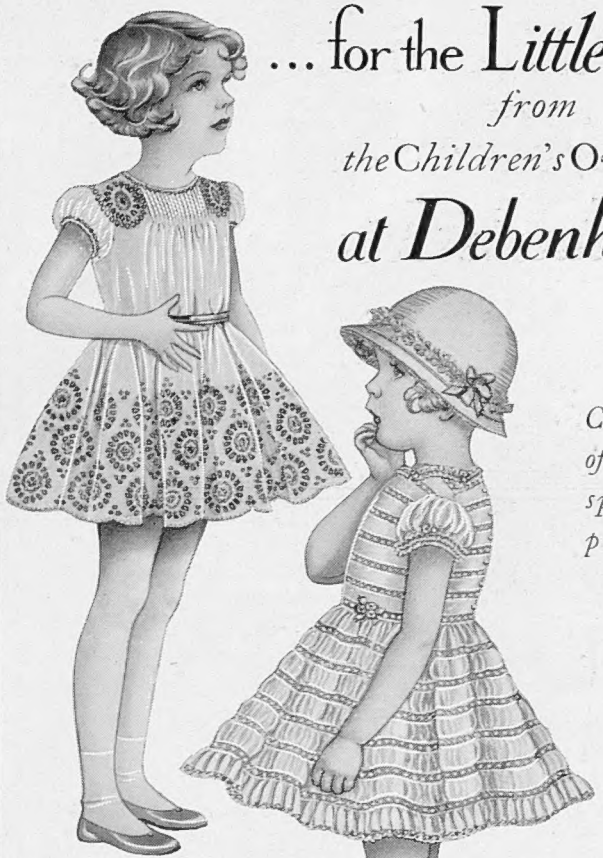

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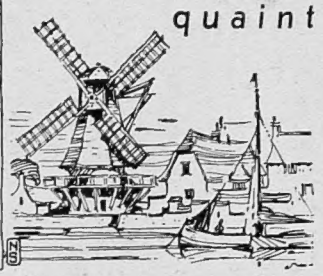

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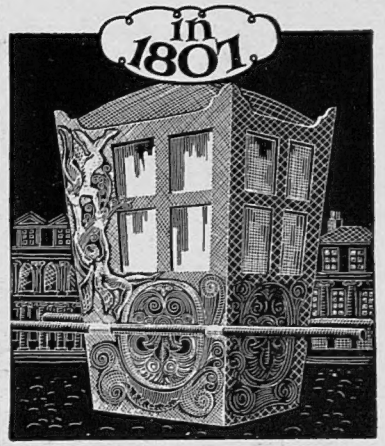

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